

# THE AMERICAN Greatest Circulation in the World WEEKLY

Magazine Section of the  
Boston Advertiser

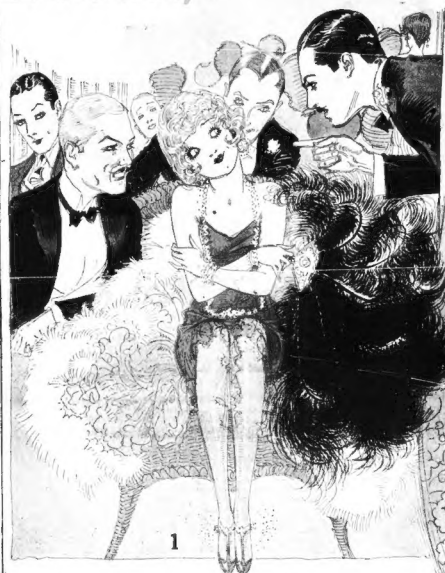
Sunday

June 19, 1927

## The Fortunes of Flossie

Verses By Carolyn Wells  
Drawings By Nell Brinkley

Copyright, 1927, by  
American Weekly, Inc.



1  
WHEN Bill came to the Country Club, Flossie was holding court. She was adept at this, as well as every other sport. And what a chap was telling her Bill heard as he drew near: "There's a new fortune teller, Floss—he's wonderful, I hear!"

2  
NOW, Bill was simply fed up with this fortune telling stuff. He thought, "I'll put a stop to that, I've had about enough!" He strode right up to Flossie, and he said, "Now, hark to me! Your fortune, huh! I'll have you know I am your fortune, see?"



4  
BILL dropped the wheel to grab for her, the car just gave a twitch. It skidded, swerved and slung around and dumped them in a ditch. "Oh, Billy, darling! Are you hurt?" Flossie began to cry; Bill didn't speak. They carried him into a house nearby.



3  
FLOSSIE gave him a saucy smile, and giggled, "Oh, you are!" Bill picked her up and fairly flung her in his racing car. Jumped in himself and off they flew, and Flossie, with a pout, just to gain time, pretended she was going to jump out!

5  
"YOU are a parson, sir?" said Bill. "I am." Bill gave a wink. "Then marry us two, quick, I beg. I'm going to die, I think!" Flossie agreed, and they were wed, and Bill came to at once. "Hooray! You're mine now, Flossie! No more fortune telling stunts!" (The End)

# Hidden Tribe of African Savages Who Grow Their Hair Like White Men's Helmets

A STRANGE tribe of blacks has been found recently in Africa, whose most remarkable characteristic is their hair. It is grown and trained from early childhood to become a hat.

White men have penetrated into the villages of this tribe, known as the Didingas, and perhaps the trade and customs of the white men may follow. But there will never be any *has-check* privileges there, for the hair is grown right on the heads of the natives. The strange tribe is located on a mountain side which borders the Sudan, Kenya, Uganda and Abyssinia. They might have remained hidden indefinitely from civilized eyes had they not started a series of predatory raids which necessitated interference by the British military authorities, who established forts and trained native police to curb the raiding mountaineers.

A British expedition under the leadership of J. H. Driberg penetrated into the mountain fastness and completed a study of the secret tribe which revealed many interesting circumstances. Most remarkable of the habits of the Didingas was that of growing their hair right on their heads. The peculiar head-dress is called a *tumeket*. This takes the form of an inverted basin, and when it was first seen by white men it was mistaken for a pith helmet. It looks exactly like that, except that it is black. It is useful not only as an adornment, but also to keep the face both of tropical sun and tropical rain. In other words, it is a natural umbrella as well as a natural helmet. However, its utility as an umbrella is rather perfunctory, for the Didingas wear no clothing whatsoever, so they have no reason to worry about getting wet.

Research developed the fact that the principal function of the *tumeket* was neither as headgear nor umbrella. It comes in handy as a shield. The hair is grown so thick that it will mitigate the effect of a club blow or knife slash. A fractured skull is unknown in the Didinga tribe.

The *tumeket* grows rapidly and stands in need of constant tending. There is no tribal barber and it is the custom for the natives to bob each other's hair when need arises.



Group of Didingas Lounging in Their Native Village on the Borders of Uganda.

folk affect only two other ornaments, a quartz lip-plate which is worn by both sexes in the lower lip, and arm bands made of bone. The social and marriage customs are extraordinary. Marriage is contracted exceedingly late—at the age of twenty-eight in the case of a man and twenty-four in the case of a woman—but cohabitation is allowed long before. There seems to be no distinction of any sort between legitimate and illegitimate offspring. The system of marriage is polygamy, but, as the numerical disparity between the sexes is only about 15 per cent, the majority of unions are necessarily monogamous. The social system is based on age grades and society is divided into a number of class groupings on a more or less geographical basis. The only occasions in which the class function as such are those of hunting and war. Another peculiarity of the tribe is its extreme indifference to the dangers of snakes. Men and women both appear superbly unafraid of the reptiles which infect the limestone mountains. They pick up the slithering creatures, and the children of the tribe play with snakes the same as other children play with dogs or cats. The Didingas are not cannibals, but they have some rather cruel customs, one of which is the habit of flaying their enemies and making drums from the human skin. These are the totems which later sound to summon the clan for warfare. Perhaps this is why the Abyssinian tribes complained so bitterly to the British when the Didingas came down from the mountains and raided their villages. They did not fancy the notion of furnishing drum-skins to the mountain tribe.

Not Only Does the Hair, Trained and Worn Like This, Serve as a Protection Against the Sun, but Also to Dull the Blow of the Enemy's Club.

The Didingas are believed to have been an offshoot of the ancient Ethiopians. They wear necklaces which are of the same type as those worn by the Egyptians. Outside of that and the *tumeket*, which on state occasions is decorated with red, white and black ostrich feathers, the tribes-



A Didinga Hairdresser, Himself Equipped With a Natural Helmet, Repairing the Head-Gear of a Colleague White on the March.



Didinga Camp by the Limestone Mountains, From Which the Tribe Takes its Name.

## France's Fearless Beauty of the Films

PARIS, June 11. — T last Paris has found a successor to Pearl White, the American film star who became the rage of the French capital, and whose films were more popular throughout France than those of any native artist, or of any other cinema stars in the world.

Paris, discomfited when Miss White retired from active movie work, has welcomed with open arms Mile. Darfouil, who lately arrived from the provinces, and from the moment of her arrival started on the meteoric career which has placed her in a very short time on the top rung of the movie ladder of success. The admirers of Mile. Darfouil say she is even more beautiful than the blonde American who startled Paris with her feats of reckless daring. The beauty of the little looked, unadorned Darfouil is surpassed only by her utter disregard of danger.

The vogue of Miss White in Paris, when her career was in its ascendancy, was so great that her legion of admirers would follow her wherever she appeared. Those were the days when she was appearing in melodramas wherein the courageous and harassed heroine was pursued to the depths of the earth and the heights of the air. In this type of film Pearl was unmatched. Week after week the dauntless heroine packed thrills on the life of impossible stories and crude photography, by the sheer thrill of her daring and fearlessness.

Apparently this day has come back, as far as Paris is concerned, and Mile. Darfouil has begun in to capitalize the re-

verence of the French interest in thrillers. Already she has accomplished feats of daring which might have caused even Pearl White to pale and hesitate. If Mile. Darfouil does as well as her predecessor, from a material point of view, she will be more than content. Movie salaries today are larger than they were a few years ago. During the last two years of her movie career Miss White received an average weekly stipend of \$5,000. In less than ten years she earned close to \$2,000,000 in the films.

Like Miss White, Mile. Darfouil seems the use of a "double" for those parts of her film stories which involve personal danger. When the script of a story calls for the heroine to leap off one of the Seine bridges Darfouil makes the leap; when the script requires the heroine to be thrown into the foetid water of the Paris sewers Darfouil is the one who is thrown, not a substitute made up to resemble her. The company for which she works recently offered a prize of 10,000 francs for the scenarioist who could concoct the most thrilling series of feats for their star to venture. The result was a prize-winning film in which the beautiful film actress risked her life on an average of once every 300 feet of film.

It is a fact that no insurance company will issue a policy on the life of Mile. Darfouil, because of her refusal to permit "doubling" to enact the dangerous part of her roles.

Hollywood is now angling for her services, and is hopeful of bringing her overseas to the world's movie capital.



Mile. Darfouil, French Film Star, Who Is Also One of the Most Beautiful Women in France.

## Nation Honors Inventor of the Match

LONDON, June 10.

THE man who invented umbrellas was buried in Westminster Abbey, but the inventor of matches, although his discovery was certainly of much more importance, went to his grave unnoticed. It was only recently, when the centenary of the invention of the match was celebrated in England, that the inventor received his belated due. It was revealed then that the man who made the first match was one John Walker, of Stockton-on-Tees. What little is known of the early stages of match manufacture came from the records kept by Walker.

It is recorded in his sales book that he sold his first box of friction matches, as they were then termed, to John Hixon, the date of this epochal sale being April 7, 1827. In two years, according to his books, Walker sold only 250 boxes of matches, but after that the demand increased, and he was able to make a modest profit on his invention. He sold the matches, fifty in a box, and charged a shilling per box. With each lot of fifty matches went a piece of snapper upon which to strike the matches.

Although Walker is given the honor of making the first practical match, there existed almost a century before his time a sort of match. It consisted of a splint of wood, dipped in sulphur, which ignited by friction with phosphorus, much after the manner of the modern match. But the phosphorus was much too costly at the time to make the match practical for general use. In 1807, twenty years before Walker's invention, a French experimenter, produced a match made of a slip

of wood, a portion of which was coated with sulphur and the end tipped with a mixture of potassium chlorate and sugar. This match was ignited by being brought into contact with sulphuric acid, which caused the sulphur and sugar to burn by the rapid decomposition of the chlorate. It was too cumbersome a device to become practical.

Following Walker's match, ordinary yellow phosphorus was generally used to make matches, but, as it is a dangerous poison, much disease resulted among the workers in match factories. This difficulty was later overcome by the development of a modified form of phosphorus, and now the red, or amorphous form is generally used.

It was natural that machinery would inevitably become an important factor in the making of matches. America took the lead in the development of that machinery, and yet the United States was never able to produce enough matches to meet its home demands. For years Sweden has been the principal match-making country of the world. Sweden has plentiful material suitable for making the splints, and her labor is cheap.

Of late Japan has entered the field, and is sending large quantities of her matches all over the world, competing with Sweden not on a quality, but on a price basis.

In the early days of matchmaking the wood for splints was sawed into blocks, and then cut into the little splints. The modern way is to cut logs of wood into thin veneer, and then to cut the splints in enormous numbers from a number of layers of veneer piled together.

## World's Highest Radio Station Isolated in Bleak Fastnesses of the Pyrenees

THE highest wireless telephone station in the world is said to be that of the Pic du Midi Observatory, in the Pyrenees Mountains in France. It is 9,000 feet high.

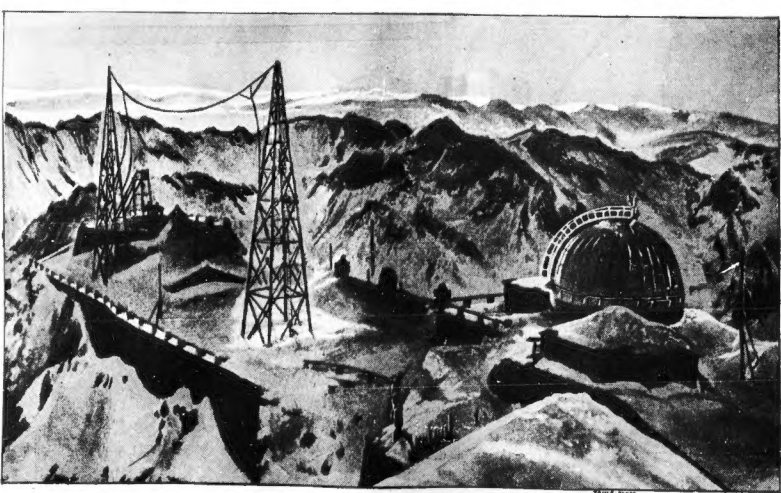
Extraordinary difficulties had to be mastered in constructing this station. During six months of the year it can only be reached by expert mountaineers on fine days. The storms are so severe and interfere with transmission so much that new problems of installation had to be solved. Each pylon supporting the wireless antenna is 100 feet high, and their foundations are beds of concrete sunk ten feet in the solid rock of the mountain.

The power of the station is 500 watts and it is at present able to send messages to a distance of 1,000 miles, but in a short time it is expected to increase this radius to an international range. A station at this great altitude is very valuable to science and the general public for many reasons. Information can be relayed concerning the weather, storms and approaching changes, which is very serviceable to farmers and also aids the work of scientific meteorologists.

The cold on the Pic du Midi is less severe than in some other similarly high altitudes because of the proximity of the Atlantic Ocean, but the storms are particularly severe. A temperature of zero Fahr., which is common there, is quite impossible to face during a severe wind-storm. The wind rashes clouds of granular snow as hard as sand, which cut the face and would quickly cause death to a person exposed to it. Not only astronomers but experienced guides are unable to go outdoors at such times. Snow-blasts penetrate the heaviest mountaineering coats and goggles provided for such work are covered with ice in a few seconds so that they become quite useless.

So great is the violence of the storms that when a heavy squall hits the pylons of the wireless there is an alarming thunderous noise, like the sound of a great sea beating against a cliff. The speed of the wind is often as high as 150 feet a second, and at such times you can see the mercury of the barometer making big irregular leaps, sometimes of as much as an inch at a time.

The most remarkable sights are witnessed on moonlight nights in winter from the Observatory. The



Airplane View of Pic du Midi Observatory and Radio Station Isolated in the Pyrenees Mountains of France.

moon rises very high in winter and consequently throws rarely any shadows. In looking over the landscape the eye experiences only sensations of absolute black and white. All the surrounding panorama of mountain peaks looks like a fairy decoration against an invisible sky, in which shine stars increased in size and of far greater number even to the naked eye than would be seen ordinarily.

Looking at this unearthly landscape in winter you soon forget where you are and may easily imagine yourself to be in the Desert of Sahara, or perhaps on some strange planet with a denuded and barren landscape. But if the observer knows his France he can recall himself to a sense of reality, and learn that those twinkling lights on that infinitely far away plain belong to the fashionable winter resort of Pau, where gambling and firing are going on as usual at that attractive place.

The enormous steel posts supporting the cables which run only to the base of the Pic du Midi were twisted out of shape by the storms of last winter and rendered useless and have not yet been repaired.

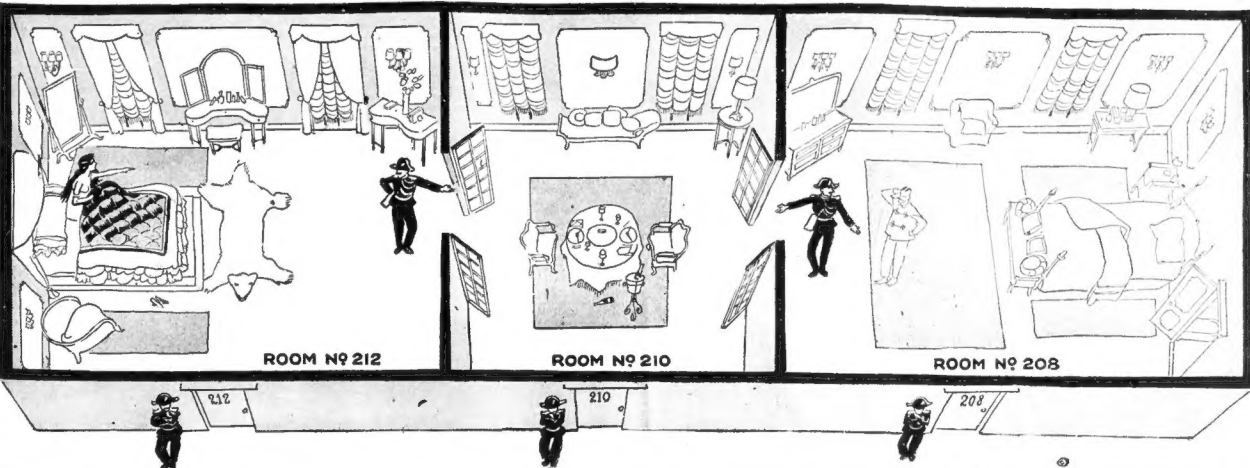
The guides who carry supplies to the astronomers during the winter have exceedingly dangerous and difficult work. They carry loads of about a hundred pounds and have difficulty in covering the distance by daylight. They are met half way up by men from the Observatory carrying hot and warm food and their hardships are reduced. Avalanches are quite common on the mountain, and should the guides be caught on an exposed slope the chances of escape are little chance of escape. The rock also is very pliable and likely to give way under the feet.

In their difficult and perilous work the guides have been greatly aided by big dogs of a Pyrenean breed, which are much better mountain climbers than men. One of them can climb as far in one hour at an angle of 45 degrees as a man can in three hours.

Now with the wireless telephone in operation it will be possible to report verbally to Paris storms coming from Spain or the Atlantic Ocean as soon as they are sighted. Many weather changes of importance to the world can be seen from the top of these peculiarly situated mountains. The dangers of those ascending the peak will also be lessened.



# What Will Edith Kelly Gould's "Nuisance Value" be to Her New Husband?



## The Lively Career and Continuous Cat-and-Dog-Life Experiences With Her Former Husband, Frank Gould, Give Promise of a Busy Future for Mr. De Courville--If Matrimonial Difficulties Arise

**A**LBERT DE COURVILLE, the English theatrical producer, is just now on his honeymoon with Edith Kelly Gould, actress and former wife of the very rich Frank J. Gould.

On his honeymoon, almost any husband would admit that his bride had a value beyond estimate in mere dollars. But this particular wife has something extra special in the way of value—what Justice Mullan of the New York Supreme Court solemnly called "her nuisance value."

What is the lady's nuisance value? Mr. De Courville is interested, he should ask Frank Gould—he knows.

Mr. Gould married Miss Edith Kelly in 1910 and his education in nuisance values began at once. He could not marry in London, where they were staying, because the English laws respected the fact that in the degree of his divorce from his first wife the New York courts forbade him to marry again during his wife's life. So they had to establish a 21-day residence in Scotland, where the laws were less fussy in that particular.

To do this Mr. Gould rented Abbotsford, the historic home of the novelist, Sir Walter Scott.

They tried hard to keep the wedding a secret, but it got out, and an Edinburgh paper lamented that "an historic shrine had been desecrated by a chorus girl bride." A husband would have to have a hide like a rhinoceros not to consider such remarks about his bride as at least a nuisance. The Goulds indignantly left Scotland, but he was later to be grateful that he had married under the canny Scotch marriage laws.

There was another nuisance in the fact that according to the arrangements of the Gould estate he was not supposed to marry without the consent and approval of the other members of the family.

Something told him that he had better not ask. Later he had the nuisance of fighting the trustees in court over this matter.

In England and on the continent, Mrs. Gould began to glitter under successive layers of jewelry.

Real estate is substantial. So she accepted, instead of some more jewelry, two huge tracts of her husband's land in Louisiana. There was much legal nuisance about these later on when she tried to get the deeds from him.

Back in London, Mrs. Gould reminded Mr. Gould of his pre-nuptial promise to star her. This is a common enough nuisance for rich men to inflict on themselves when they marry chorus girls. However, it usually means a loss of \$50,000 to \$100,000 backing one production, after which the wife hates to see so much money demand it, again. Mr. Gould, however, had promised to star her at the Gaiety Theatre, London, and thinking that had any special significance in the way of nuisance. Now he found out.

For twenty-five years Mr. George Edwards had been the undisputed czar of

that house, and that forceful gentleman said so as it meant it. Mr. Gould pulled out his check-book with a faint sigh and asked:

"How much?"

"Put it away," was the reply. "Not for all the Gould millions."

Of course there was a reason, and wifery now confided it to her husband. Several years before, when Edith was doing a small dance number on that stage, she thought the applause warranted her running back and giving an encore.

Mr. Edwards's ample form loomed in the entrance, saying:

"Please don't. They were only applauding out of gratitude that you had finished. I am going to take that number out."

Miss Kelly thought this unkind, and made some personal observations about Mr. Edwards, at which she has a skilled tongue.

As a result, right afterwards she was gone, but not forgotten, by Mr. Edwards. Knowing this, it was evident that to star his wife that it would be necessary to fire Mr. Edwards, which would necessitate buying the theatre, which in turn meant buying a controlling interest in the common stock of that corporation, in addition to backing the show.

And to control the theatre Mr. Gould had to pick up at least \$30,000. At the market price of \$5 a share this would cost him \$150,000 before he was ready to begin.

But soon after he started to buy the price jumped to double. Before he was finished it was quite an impressive nuisance, even for a man whose income in those days was estimated at \$1,000,000 a year.

Nevertheless, the husband made good, and Edith did star on that stage. She showed her appreciation by letting the

man who had paid for it all name the show. Mr. Gould suggested "Needles and Pins." His wife changed the title to "Pine and Needles," perhaps because the other one was too suggestive of the old rhyme:

"Needles and pins! Needles and pins! When a man's married his trouble begins!"

According to the terms of the divorce from his former wife, who was also a Kelly (Helen Margaret), his two little daughters were to spend six months of every year with their father.

But the new mamma did not care much for the children, and wanted to live in Europe, therefore this arrangement, for which he had paid heavily in alimony, now became instead of a blessing, another nuisance.

He had to turn them over to his sister, Helen Gould, to bring up.

Mr. Gould was an enthusiastic dog fancier, and had valuable kennels of St. Bernards that he had bred at great expense. His other hobby, he came to the conclusion that he was a worshipping of dancing girls, that he had taught his little wife to dance like royalty and now wanted to leave her flat with a beggarly five thousand francs a year, when France were about twelve to the dollar. The cue dragged on for a year, and during that time she welcomed interviewers with only little stories of their life, in which Mr. Gould

did not appear as the hero. Everywhere he went, his friends came cringing up to repeat a flood of invective and anathemas of himself and other members of the Gould family.

Edith denied spreading them, but her husband remembered how in the early days of their marriage she had encouraged him with flattering interest as he told her everything he knew as husband-do. He couldn't see where she these years had come from.

However, like a wise man, he let her huzz until he got a good chance to get even.

Then he came down on her with a heavy hand. Both Goulds had been employing a squad of detectives to watch each other for a long time, and as detectives sometimes do in nice, long-drawn-out, wealthy cases, they took to fraternizing and outwitting and came up with expense bills.

Mr. Gould now knew that a dark, handsome, Mexican type of young man was something he did not want, and was often seen only reporting to Mrs. Gould. He alleged that this fellow was a regular hard drinker until one day a friend informed him that it was Senator Maxim Causas, son of a Mexican millionaire.

Mr. Gould decided that this rich young man must be an amateur detective, and

his services probably paid for in kisses. He said nothing to his own men, but hired ten new ones, front another agency, M. J. A. M. This night he got action. The two new detectives, with a policeman, knocked at the door of an apartment in the Rue de Rivoli. Some Causas opened the door with a politeness that was ill re-

warded. The three men burst in, searched the place and found Mrs. Gould. It was a married woman and her husband had complained to the police.

The police called the three men in, and the police called the three men in, and the police called the three men in.

The police called the three men in, and the police called the three men in, and the police called the three men in.

The police called the three men in, and the police called the three men in, and the police called the three men in.

The police called the three men in, and the police called the three men in, and the police called the three men in.

The police called the three men in, and the police called the three men in, and the police called the three men in.

The police called the three men in, and the police called the three men in, and the police called the three men in.

The police called the three men in, and the police called the three men in, and the police called the three men in.

The police called the three men in, and the police called the three men in, and the police called the three men in.

The police called the three men in, and the police called the three men in, and the police called the three men in.

The police called the three men in, and the police called the three men in, and the police called the three men in.

The police called the three men in, and the police called the three men in, and the police called the three men in.

The police called the three men in, and the police called the three men in, and the police called the three men in.

The police called the three men in, and the police called the three men in, and the police called the three men in.

The police called the three men in, and the police called the three men in, and the police called the three men in.

"The gentleman in No. 208? I do not know him," Mrs. Kelly declared.

"Then how do you explain this dinner table set for two," the detectives questioned.

"It was for me alone," Mr. Gould replied.

"It was for me alone," came the echo from the vision of beauty in No. 212.

hour of her appearance?" Mr. Gould declared.

The police were instructed and Mrs. Gould tried to have her husband and the maidens, who were only twenty-three years old and very pretty, find Mrs. Gould, which would have ended up the scene.

Later that same Mrs. Kelly, who was to become the third Mrs. Frank Gould, but Edith could not give anything at the time, and the police refused to even arrest her. However, after that Mr. Gould had to be painfully careful, until at last the case came to trial.

Mr. Gould saw that she was sure to be divorced, but she contended that they had married in France, under what is known as the canonical agreement law. This is the nicest possible law under which a poor woman can marry a rich man. If they are divorced, no matter what may be the reason, they divide evenly all their combined worldly goods.

They had been married in Paris, also in New York, but Mr. Gould showed that the Scotch marriage came first of all. In Scotland, if a woman is divorced for just reason, she has the right to marry with just what she brought in and no more, which in Edith's case was nothing at all. The French courts held that this was the law, and the marriage, that counted.

Mr. Gould now married Mrs. Kelly, the perfect stranger in the other room, and thought he was free from his nuisance.

But Edith applied the case to the highest courts, and meanwhile, had the trouble she had her husband for her debt. He fought and won them all, but for seven months of interview, explaining during the preceding month of April took six months to dispose of. Finally the last appeal was denied and the chain of legal nuisances was cut—she thought.

The following a few weeks of peace, then one morning Paris was plastered with posters announcing that Mrs. Edith Kelly Gould, the last name in huge letters, would in a sensational dance at the Alhambra.

Mr. Gould rushed a lawyer to court for an injunction against using his name. He obtained it in three months, but the publicity measurably damaged the theatre. They were the most profitable of the time she gave out interviews explaining that it was because her husband had been so bad.

After this, beautiful peace reigned about long enough for Edith to cross to the United States. There came a calligrapher with the bad news that she had been divorced. It was to be the Paris divorce, able to bring another suit for it there, and to ask for half his eleven million dollars American property, four actions in all.

"What a never-ending!" she groaned as he packed up for the next theatre of war. The American courts upheld the Paris ones, and she was to be the Paris divorce, able to bring another suit for it there, and to ask for half his eleven million dollars American property, four actions in all.

"What a never-ending!" she groaned as he packed up for the next theatre of war. The American courts upheld the Paris ones, and she was to be the Paris divorce, able to bring another suit for it there, and to ask for half his eleven million dollars American property, four actions in all.

"What a never-ending!" she groaned as he packed up for the next theatre of war. The American courts upheld the Paris ones, and she was to be the Paris divorce, able to bring another suit for it there, and to ask for half his eleven million dollars American property, four actions in all.

"What a never-ending!" she groaned as he packed up for the next theatre of war. The American courts upheld the Paris ones, and she was to be the Paris divorce, able to bring another suit for it there, and to ask for half his eleven million dollars American property, four actions in all.

"What a never-ending!" she groaned as he packed up for the next theatre of war. The American courts upheld the Paris ones, and she was to be the Paris divorce, able to bring another suit for it there, and to ask for half his eleven million dollars American property, four actions in all.



Edith Kelly Gould.

Albert De Courville, the Well-Known English Dramatic Producer.

Mrs. Edith Kelly Gould Practicing for the Stage Dance in a Montmartre Studio.

Edith Kelly Gould, Heroine of the "Dinner-for-Two" Mystery, and Now Mrs. Frank J. Gould, No. 3.

© 1937, by American Electric Co. Great Britain Rights Reserved



# Surgery With Knives Smaller Than a Human Hair

Incredibly Delicate Operations  
Performed Under the  
Microscope on Human  
Cells Too Small to  
Be Seen, Using Instruments  
Too Fine for Human  
Fingers to Touch

THE most delicate surgical operation ever performed by the surgeons in hospitals is one that is done sometimes on the pupils of the human eye. Using a tiny knife, the blade of which is scarcely larger than a hair, the eye surgeon pierces the transparent front of the eyeball, cuts a minute wedge, like a tiny slice of pie, from the movable membrane which surrounds the pupil of the eye and removes this wedge so that the ring of the pupil will be narrower. So delicate that only the most skillful of surgeons will attempt it, this operation is also so minute in all of its parts that it must be carried out under a magnifying glass, as a watchmaker repairs the tiniest wheels of the smallest watches now worn in finger rings or bracelets.

Yet, delicate as this eye operation is, it is no gross in size as the saving in two of a tree when it is compared with a still more delicate and smaller operation recently perfected by the scientists who study individual living cells. A single disease germ is such a living cell. It is far too small to see; so small, indeed, that the powerful lenses of a microscope must magnify it a thousand or two thousand times before it can be seen.

Yet the marvelous new knives which the surgeons of the microscopic world have developed can cut into this tiny germ as precisely and delicately as the hairlike knife of the eye surgeon dissects the living membranes of the eye. It is even possible to operate on single disease germs without killing them, so that the germ will recover from the operation just as a human patient will.

More important than this and equally remarkable from the viewpoint of the small sizes concerned, it is possible to operate on an individual living cell from the human body, for example, on a single blood corpuscle from the human blood. The mind of performing these operations are still in their infancy.

Dr. Robert Chambers, professor of microscopic anatomy at the Cornell University Medical School, in New York City, recently described in a lecture some of the remarkable results which he has obtained from this operation in discovering the inner nature of the life units called cells. He is on the verge, Dr. Chambers believes, of still more important discoveries both in the theory of biology and in such practical matters as the conquest of disease.

There was a time, three or four centuries ago, when physicians were forbidden by law to dissect the human body. Their ideas of what the heart and stomach and other organs were like and of what kind of processes went on in these organs had to be made up of guesses; they were dared to cut into a human body, to a dead body, to see how it actually was built, or to learn, if possible, how to repair it when it was injured or ill.

As enlightenment of the public and of the lawmakers increased, these hanging regulations were gradually abolished. There was an immediate increase in the competence of physicians and the percentage of their patients made happy by a cure. Fortified by sure things, the exact nature of the bodily organs, gained by actually seeing these organs on dissection, physicians were able to substantiate rational ways of treating disease for the guesses and magic formulas previously in use.

That is about the situation now. Dr. Chambers believes, with regard to the side of the living cells to which he has been applying his newly perfected microscopic operations. Using tiny knives made of glass needles so fine that they cannot be seen by the unaided eye, and operating, of course, directly beneath the lens of a powerful microscope, Dr. Chambers is able to dissect the interior organs of the smallest living cells. He and the other scientists who are working in this field are extending the knowledge of the nature of living creatures in just the same way that it was extended when the physicians of ancient days were first permitted to dissect the whole human body.

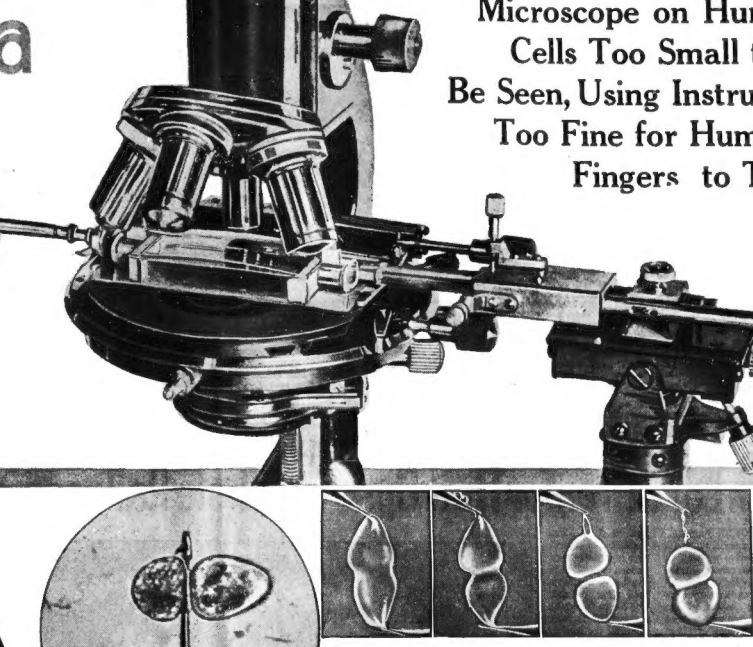
The importance of these living cells,

which Dr. Chambers and the other scientists are dissecting, comes from the fact that such cells compose every kind of living creature, plant or animal, in the world. The tiny, pin-shaped wedge which the eye surgeon takes out of the pupil of a human eye is in the most delicate of ordinary surgical operations is composed of these living cells. Small as this tiny wedge is, the living cells which compose it are very much smaller. There will be from two hundred to a thousand living cells in the smallest wedge of pupil tissue which the surgeon takes out.

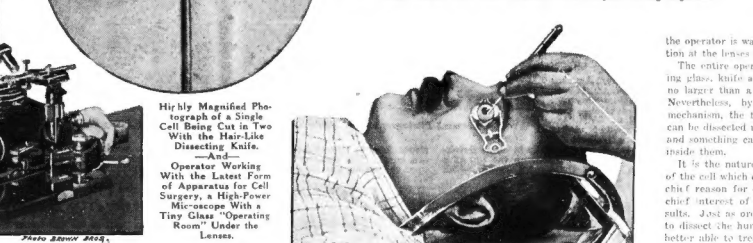
Blood contains another kind of living cells. Indeed, several kinds of them, including both the red corpuscles and the white corpuscles. No tiny are these living blood cells that a drop of blood, no larger than a pinhead usually contains millions of them. In the brain, the master organ of the human body, there are so many of the tiny gray cells that do the thinking that their number is estimated in the billions, probably about ten billion, or more than five times as many as there are people living in the entire world. Just how many living cells are consists of this vast assemblage of cells kept in order much as a great city is kept in order. No present-day city contains more than ten million or so citizens, even when all the suburbs are included. The city of the human body is vastly greater than this. It contains more cell-citizens than could be found in ten thousand cities as large as New York or London or Paris.

When this fact is remembered it is easy to see why it is that so many diseases of the human body are the result of some kind of things can be done by the different organs of the human body. Some organs exert power. These are the muscles. Others carry messages as telegraph wires do. These are the nerves. Others manufacture the various chemicals that the body needs, like the gastric juices of the stomach. Just as the ten million or so citizens of an ordinary city have each one his own special duties which he must perform reasonably well in order to keep the city going, so the cell-citizens of the vast city-community of a body must each one carry out his appointed task.

Unfortunately, it sometimes happens that the citizens of a great city get sick. If there is an epidemic of influenza in London, as there very nearly was this year, the operations of the city may be hampered. So many men may be sick



Four Consecutive Micro-Photographs Showing a Living Cell, Held at Opposite Sides by Two Needles on the Glass Stage of the Microscope, in the Act of Perpetrating the Most Highly Skilled Surgery. The New Micro-Surgical Apparatus, in the Act of Perpetrating the Most Highly Skilled Surgery. Each Half After Division is a Complete Living Organism.



Close-Up View of the New Micro-Manipulator for Dissecting Germs Too Small to Be Seen With the Naked Eye. The Glass Box in the Center Contains the Germ, or Human Cell, to Be Operated On, and the Rods Projecting to Right and Left From It Carry the Marvelously Delicate Surgical Instruments Controlled by External Hand Screws With Micro-meter Movements.

Highly Magnified Photograph of a Single Cell Being Cut in Two With the Hair-Like Dissecting Knife. Operator Working With the Latest Form of Apparatus for Cell Surgery, a High-Power Microscope With a Tiny Glass "Operating Room" Under the Lenses.

A Diagram Showing the Cell A to Be Operated On Suspended in a Drop of Medium B Hanging on the Glass Ceiling of the Tiny Operating Chamber Under the Microscope. The Surgical Knives or Needles, C, Are Manipulated From Outside by Delicate Hand Screws.

of living cells, both in bits of human tissue like skin and in other kinds of living matter. But he did not know what these tiny boxlike units were. It was not until many years later that scientists discovered the real nature of life and the fact that all living creatures are composed of these cells which the Dutch microscope maker saw without recognizing.

This discovery, so important for our understanding of the nature of our own bodies, was made in 1839 by two German anatomists, Schleiden and Schwann. Ever since then scientists have known that the billions of living units of different kinds: brain cells and skin cells and muscle cells and liver cells and hundreds of other kinds, are really the things that make the human body alive.

The whole of the human body, equally with the bodies of all other animals, consists of this vast assemblage of cells kept in order much as a great city is kept in order. No present-day city contains more than ten million or so citizens, even when all the suburbs are included. The city of the human body is vastly greater than this. It contains more cell-citizens than could be found in ten thousand cities as large as New York or London or Paris.

When this fact is remembered it is easy to see why it is that so many diseases of the human body are the result of some kind of things can be done by the different organs of the human body. Some organs exert power. These are the muscles. Others carry messages as telegraph wires do. These are the nerves. Others manufacture the various chemicals that the body needs, like the gastric juices of the stomach. Just as the ten million or so citizens of an ordinary city have each one his own special duties which he must perform reasonably well in order to keep the city going, so the cell-citizens of the vast city-community of a body must each one carry out his appointed task.

Unfortunately, it sometimes happens that the citizens of a great city get sick. If there is an epidemic of influenza in London, as there very nearly was this year, the operations of the city may be hampered. So many men may be sick

that the subway trains or the buses cannot run. Other troubles may occur in similar fashion. Just this same thing happens inside the cell-citizens of the human body. Individual cells may get sick or even die.

This does not necessarily mean the death of the whole body. There are internal provisions in the body to take care of such misfortune; hospital corps and sanitary police which mobilize at the point of any accident to a body cell and either repair that cell, if possible, or remove the remains. Cells are continually settling sick and dying inside the body, without even any symptom of illness.

But it is the effort of physicians, of course, to assist these internal ambulance corps and health officers and hospital nurses of the body in their jobs with their tiny cell-patients. This aid is difficult to render because no one knows just what to do. Scientists understand the nature of the living cell, but it is not a simple thing. The cell is not a mere featureless sack of jellylike living matter like a grapefruit filled with table gelatin. The necessary knowledge of the inside of the living cells.

Although precise knowledge was lacking it has been known for a long time that the inside of a living cell is not at all a simple thing. The cell is not a mere featureless sack of jellylike living matter like a grapefruit filled with table gelatin. The necessary knowledge of the inside of the living cells.

Other observers confirmed this. Still others saw some tiny solid particles. By treating cells, after death, with dyes and hardening chemicals, quite a complicated internal structure could be made out. It is as though one of the ancient surgeons had looked through a human body with an enormously powerful light and had discerned, somewhat dimly and imperfectly, that organs of some kind lay inside the living cell.

That is where the matter stood until the invention of the new operations by which single cells can actually be cut open and

the operator is watching the whole operation at the lenses of the microscope.

The entire operation, cell-patient, moving glass, knife and all, occupies a space no larger than a thousandth of an inch. Nevertheless, by a marvel of minute mechanism, the trick can be done; cells can be dissected under the surgeon's eyes and something can be learned of what is inside them.

It is the nature of these inside organs of the cell which constitute, of course, the reason for dissecting them and the chief interest of the scientist in the results. Just as ordinary physicians wished to dissect the human body in order to be better able to treat its accidents and diseases, so the modern biologist wishes to know the nature of the internal organs of a single living cell so that he may be better able to help that cell repair an injury, or, more often, so that he may be able to assist the repair crews of Nature in that same effort. If we know exactly what parts are necessary to the cell, together with the duties of each part, we would be able to do much more than we can do now in combating disease.

The most dreaded of all diseases, cancer, is one of the most deadly, a disease conquered by this means. Cancer is believed by most of the experts who have studied it to be a disease of the cells themselves. Something goes wrong with the internal control of one or two cells somewhere in the body. These go "wild," grow without limit, multiply their kind. The mass of tissue which they thus produce is the tumorous lump of the cancer. The only way that science knows to stop this is to kill all of the wild cells or remove them from the body by surgery. Once a body cell falls into the cancerous madness it seems to be incurable. The only safe doom for it is death.

Many of the world's greatest biologists have studied this cell madness of cancer for many years in the effort to discover what it is that goes wrong in a cell to start it off on this career of rapine and disaster. No one has found the secret, not even anything which science can be sure is a part of the secret. When a human mind thinks of this, it runs a shiver among his fellows. It is because something has slipped in the brain. It happens that the mind of a biologist, controlling the cell's life seems to be the human brain controlling the life of the body which it inhabits.

This "brain" of the living cell is what scientists call the "nucleus" at the heart of somewhat harder and denser matter inside the cell, in the center of the cell. Among the organs inside the cell which Dr. Chambers and others are now exploring is this nucleus. It is the most important part of the cell. As yet few unmistakable facts have been discovered about it. But it is certain that more facts will soon be forthcoming. Whether this will prove clear to the cause of cancer no man can say, but it is certain that it will provide clues to some of the greatest mysteries of human behavior, clues which can hardly fail to help the world's physicians in their great battle against disease.

# Professor Bickerton's Interesting Explanation of the Mysterious Sun-Spots



Diagram Depicting How the Meteors, Previously Thrown Off by the Sun and Traveling in Orbits of Their Own, Bombard the Sun on Their Return Trips and Puncture Its Surface, Penetrating into the Internal Gases and Causing Cataclysmic Explosions. It is These Detonations, Professor Bickerton Considers, That Cause the Familiar but Mysterious Spots.

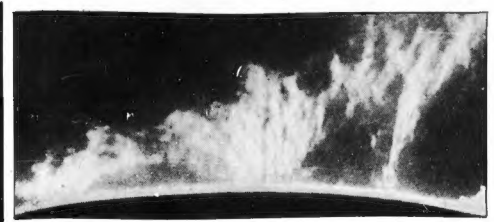
It has been generally believed that sun spots, which appear with varying frequency as dark markings on the surface of the sun, originate in some internal action of the sun itself. Differing radically from this theory, Prof. A. W. Bickerton, the eminent scientist, who was for many years professor of experimental science at New Zealand University, in a new monograph, declares that the mysterious sun spots are in reality fiery cyclones in the sun's atmosphere, the result of external rather than internal action, caused by meteors striking the solar surface.

The sun is so great that were the earth dropped into one of them it would show no bigger than a chestnut in a kitchen fire, comparatively, and produce no more effect.

Discussing his theory, Professor Bickerton says: "The sun, as some people do not know, is a revolving, blazing ball of fire of such size and intensity that if its heat were maintained by combustion it would need to be stoked with 600 times the entire coal fields of the earth every minute. This vast solar furnace is more than a million times the size of the earth. Its surface temperature is something like 6,000 degrees centigrade, and its interior

Photograph of the Sun Taken at Greenwich Observatory This Year, Showing the Largest Sun-spot Ever Recorded There Photographically. The Area of the Spot Has Been Estimated at 4,000,000,000 Square Miles and Was Visible to the Naked Eye.

temperature is probably hundreds of times as great. "The reason for the belief I hold in the matter of sun spots is this: We know



Observatory Photograph of a Solar Eruption, Revealing the Enormity of the Disturbances.

When they come into contact with our own atmosphere the friction causes them to burn up and become what are commonly called falling stars. Occasionally, however, these meteors are too large to be burnt up in their fall, and they strike the earth with overwhelming effect, as we can see, for example, in the gigantic meteoric crater in the Arizona desert, which was produced in this way.

"Probably, as it seems to me, at some immeasurably distant period, a comet (which is a collection of meteors) collided with the sun. Its main mass was absorbed, but the residue, which was too far away to be included in this collision, was yet near enough to be drawn by the force of gravity into orbit, and to go revolving around the sun.

"This meteoric swarm takes about eleven years to complete its revolution around the sun, and as members of it come near enough they are drawn out of their course by the sun's pull and come into collision with it. The faster the meteors are traveling the greater the energy they possess.

"When one of them reaches the surface of the sun, it is probably traveling at the rate of over 300 miles a second, and possesses an energy thousands of times greater than that of the most powerful explosive known. A meteor weighing only one ounce, when it plunges into the sun would produce an explosion equivalent to the detonation of a ton of dynamite on earth. This, in effect, is the beginning of a sun spot."

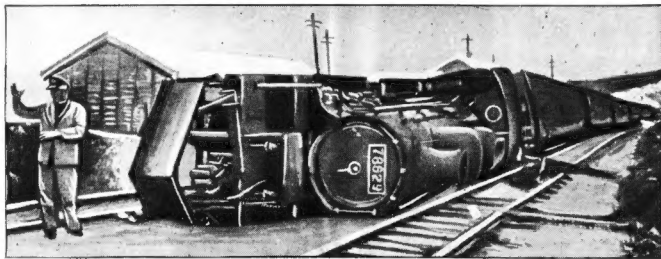
## Prankish Earth Tremor That Upset a Whole Railroad Train Without Any Damage

NATURE, when she runs amok, can be extremely sportive and will, as tremendously destructive. In the United States, where hurricanes and tornadoes are not infrequent, there are numerous instances of the pranks of the elements. Houses are turned upside down without breaking a single pane of glass; buildings are whirled hundreds of feet away from their foundations without injuring the carry bird in its cage in the parlor; in one Middle West tornado a doghouse was carried to the top of a telegraph pole, and when the storm was over the dog could be heard barking for somebody to come and take him down from his lofty perch.

Earthquakes, too, while apt to be more destructive than tornadoes or hurricanes, have been known to do the most freakish things. There have been many instances along these lines in Japan, which may be called the Land of the Quaking Earth rather than the land of the Rising Sun. Volcanic upheavals are frequent within the confines of the Japanese Empire. In a recent quake an entire village was flung bodily on its side. The weight of

the engine alone amounted to several tons, and the energy needed to displace it can better be imagined than defined. For hours the train lay where it was, flung by the quake, a mute eloquent testimonial of the mighty forces of nature; yet it was not damaged in the least. One reason for this is that the train was not moving when the quake occurred.

While earthquakes can be ascribed to more than one cause, the Japanese convulsions belong to the most violent class of seismic disturbances, due primarily to earth shrinkage. The pressure of solid rocks upon the cooling and shrinking interior at



Unusual Photograph of a Whole Train Lifted From the Rails and Flung on Its Side by an Earthquake.

slopes down to a great depth off her eastern coast. The pressure of solid rocks upon the cooling and shrinking interior at

such an angle produces various stresses and strains that result in fissures through which water percolates, causing violent

convulsions as the super-heated steam expands and vast subterranean cavities are opened.

The Greeks 2,000 years ago compared a earthquake to the agitation made by a garden mole digging in the ground. Every one who has seen a mole at work and noticed the shaking of the soil above where the little animal is digging, moving and adjusting its body beneath, will recognize the accuracy of the Greek comparison.

In the same way the lava layer under the crust of the earth near deep seas has to adjust itself under the stimulating power of steam absorbed in the molten

rock by the leakage of the ocean. No power on earth can stop this leakage and the periodic readjustment by an earthquake.

This cause of world-shaking earthquakes, promulgated by Professor T. J. J. See, of California, is today the generally accepted belief of scientists. Professor See believes a world earthquake belt can be constructed with a black belt around the border of the Pacific Ocean. Says Dr. See:

"The Pacific is the largest and deepest ocean, which is always digging out trenches and folding up mountain ranges near its border. The great earthquakes in Japan are caused by the accumulation of too much steam under the area of the Tuscara Deep. The lava beneath swells till it has to have more space, a block of the earth's crust finally yields and there is an adjustment of the underlying lava.

In 1923 this adjustment took only six minutes, yet it laid waste Yokohama and Tokio in one of the most terrific disasters yet recorded in history. Only a few broken walls intrude where once stood the richest city of the Japanese Empire. The courses of mile after mile of city streets disappeared in the rain of wreckage.

## Daughter of Rasputin Tells Surprising Story of the Mystic's Secret Romance With the Czarina



Sophia Rasputin, Who Has Decided to Become an Evangelist, and Who Tells a Surprising Story of the Czarina's Romance With the Mystic Who She Claims Was Her Father.

PARIS, June 11. WHEN Rasputin, the "Red Monk" of Russia, was killed by Prince Yusupoff and his body thrown in the frozen Neva River, the Czarina of Russia recovered it and took it in her own motor car to the private chapel in the palace, where she kept over it day and night until the burial.

This was held by observers to be a high mark of esteem for Rasputin. The Czarina insisted that the monk be buried in the "Imperial" chapel in the Fortnes of Peter and Paul, and on the objection of the ministers of state and the Holy Synod, she secretly buried Rasputin in the park of the palace at Czarskoe Selo. When this became known it was hinted that the feelings of the Czarina for the monk were more than mere esteem.

A few weeks after the death of Rasputin, his daughter, Sophia Rasputin, was taken to the palace. The Czarina kissed

Sophia and told her that she considered her an adopted child from that time on. She would care for her as her own daughter, the Czarina said. The other day a woman who claims she is Sophia Rasputin, now a grown woman, revealed that on this occasion the Czarina said to her: "I loved your father as I never loved another man and we were to have been married next Summer."

"It was to have been a morganatic marriage," Sophia explained, adding: "Since the Czar was in love with another woman, the Czarina found solace in my father's teaching that love, when spontaneous and sincere, was a religious sentiment. The fact that she was preparing to become the morganatic wife of Rasputin was not known, but abundant evidence that this was so is to be found in her private diary."

The tragic death of Rasputin, of course, it wasn't long before both the Czar and his queen were butchered by the revolutionists when their fury turned against every-

thing connected with the court. Sophia, so the story goes, made a thrilling escape from Petrograd. With a small amount of money in her possession, she was able to bribe her way to Riga. From there she went to Nice, where the mystic Rasputin had purchased a villa with money furnished by the Czarina. For some years she lived quietly in her villa and then she started to prepare herself for the stage. She made her debut in Rome and was hailed as a marvelous ballerina. Later she played in motion pictures in France and Germany under the name of Sophia Gregorova.

It was the Czarina who took charge of Sophia's education in court, getting French and German tutors for her, she says. All her living expenses were paid from the court treasury. She had a monthly allowance of a thousand rubles, although she was then only 12 years old. While her father lived most of the time in the palace, she stayed in an apartment paid for by the court.

Sophia Gregorova has announced that she intends dedicating the rest

of her life to works of piety and charity. In order to fulfill what she feels to be her duty to the cause of religion, she will not enter a convent, but expects to engage in evangelistic work in America under the leadership of some successful preacher.

It has been reported that her mentor in this work will be either Billy Sunday or Aimee McPherson, but Sophia Gregorova will not discuss this phase of her plans. In addition to her evangelistic work she will write a book telling of the secret romance of her father and the Czarina of Russia, and will describe in detail the strange melodic dances with which her father was so influential. She believes that the rhythm of the beat of small Oriental drums and the weird cadences of the chants in these rituals actually had a hypnotic influence on many listeners—an influence which permitted Rasputin to dictate the policy of Russia for the last five years of the monarchy.



Mrs. Lydia McPherson, of Los Angeles, Claimed Only in Her Seven Feet, Two Inches of Hair.

## One-Wheel Family Flyver For Chinese Sunday Drivers

PEKING, June 1. WHILE the motor flyver has attained considerable vogue in the Orient, cutting seriously into the use of the ricksha and similar conveyances, a strange type of vehicle has come before the notice of motorists which is seen more and more on the highways, although infrequently used in the crowded cities.

It is nothing more nor less than an improved form of wheelbarrow, with a seat balanced across the wheel, upon which the passengers sit sideways. The motive power is a coolie. While not too elegant, it is an eminently common-sense sort of faunting car, and the way for a coolie to propel the wheelbarrow is only a few cents a day, so that it comes within the means of the average Chinese country gentleman.

It is interesting to note the incongruous Western attire of the man pictured in the barrow party in the photograph on this page, which is that of a Chinese family, consisting of father, mother and two daughters, returning home to the country after a visit to neighbors.



The Flyver of the Far East, a Sort of Glorified Wheelbarrow, Propelled by Foot-power and Consisting of One Wheel. The Seats Are Delicately Balanced So That the "Driver" Can Ramble Along With Equalled Weight.

## Modern Godiva Surpasses Ingenuity of Mother Eve

RECENTLY the little town of Clarendon, Virginia, came in for considerable notice because of the discovery that there lived there, Mrs. Ernest Morsell, whose hair was said to be five feet long. The citizens of Clarendon, including the hatted-haired women of the town, boasted that Mrs. Morsell's was the longest as well as the most beautiful head of hair in the United States. Now, arises Mrs. Lydia McPherson, of Los Angeles, California, to challenge the claim of the Clarendonians. Her friends claim that if Lady Godiva had possessed hair like Mrs. McPherson, she would have been more than adequately attired in her famous ride through the streets of Coventry. Mrs. McPherson surpasses Mother Eve, by wearing, as her picture shows, only nature's covering, whereas the world's first lady had to borrow from the fig-leaf.

The original account in these pages concerning the beautiful long tresses of Mrs. Morsell brought to light the claims of Mrs. McPherson and Miss Sjogren.



# Mr. Reggie Vanderbilt Wasted His Enormous Fortune

## His Astonishing Achievement of Frittering Away Every Dollar of His \$30,000,000

### Inheritance and Income and Dying Just as His Debts Balanced What Little Property He Still Had Left

ALL kinds of people were astonished some time ago when Reginald C. Vanderbilt died practically penniless. That mystery has now been cleared up.

The man in the street, to whom the name Vanderbilt meant wealth unlimited, was no more surprised and not so much puzzled at the time as were the financial experts and insiders, such as bankers and big merchants, who had felt much the same way.

It was known that about \$30,000,000 in round figures had, in twenty years, passed through Reggie's fingers and vanished into thin air. Yet nobody had seen it go. How could this be?

The merchants looked toward Wall Street and intimated that it must have been financial speculation. The big financiers were quick to deny it. Any speculation of a size to swallow up such a fortune could not have escaped their notice. True, he and Sidney C. Love in 1909, had sunk between them nearly two million dollars in a wheat venture, a most unfortunate, though. No, he must have blown it, and Wall Street looked a bit severely at Fifth Avenue.

But a vigorous denial came from the merchants of New York, Paris and the rest of the world. Reggie was one of the few persons on earth who really enjoyed unlimited credit. At any Jew's he could have charged any amount of jewelry or have bought a steam yacht over the telephone. He could, but he didn't. Considering his income, which should have been much of the time between three-quarters of a million and a million dollars a year, he lived on a modest scale. Yet somebody got it.

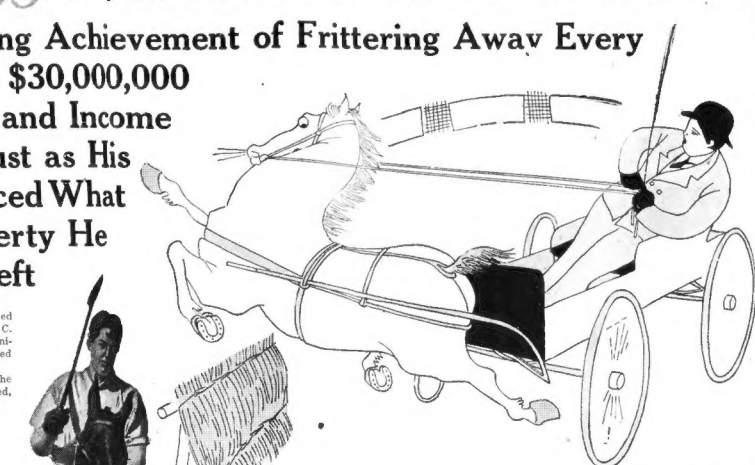
The colleges and big charities, which usually manage to collect a million or two from the biggest fortunes, rolled sad eyes at each other and said: "Not guilty."

Some careless thinkers guessed that he had drunk it up. Reggie didn't drink, more or less, than was good for him. He maintained a private bar of mahogany and an expert bartender at his house at 12 East Seventy-seventh Street. It was fashioned after the famous "William the Conqueror" bar at Deauville and a "barrel of money" was spent in the drinks that passed over it. Yet this item meant little more to such a rich man than the penic of a working man spends for his newspapers. Reggie could have rented Madison Square Garden and it kept all his friends interested in his life and still not have spent even his income.

When great fortunes crash, the spotlight of investigation usually catches the flutter of a few skirts scurrying away but not in this case. Reggie seems to have ruined himself with very little feminine assistance. Had there been expensive romances, they would surely have come to light as did those of his older brother, Alfred Vanderbilt, who could not hide the miserable end of Florence Schenck, who left home for his companionship. And all the world heard of Agnes Ruiz, the young beauty who committed suicide when Alfred finally abandoned her. This Vanderbilt, however, steered clear of such entanglements.

Only one woman is known to have gotten into his fortune and she did so legitimately and very moderately by way of alimony. That was his first wife. Immediately after leaving Yale, Reggie was married to the same age as his father's last wife. After a few years Reggie and the first Mrs. Vanderbilt drifted apart.

Many a man has gone broke and, in New York State, even gone to prison because he could not meet his alimony payments, but Reggie only had to make a



Cartoon by the Famous French Caricaturist, "Cin." When Mr. Vanderbilt Was a Conspicuous Character at All the Prominent Race Tracks the World Over.



Young Reggie as a Polo Player Before He Began to Squander His Handsome Inheritance.

settlement of \$30,000 a year, at a time when his income came was or should have been not less than \$750,000 a year.

His widow, got what was left of it all—\$82,000, which should yield her an income of about \$4,000 per annum. For a point, Reggie went in, rather heavily for horses and dogs. At one time he shared the ownership of 75 race horses with his brother Alfred and he owned Fortitude, one of the best known stallions in America.

He was a member of the Four-in-Hand Club, the Turf and Field Club, the Westchester Polo Association, the American Kennel Club, the Dalmatian Club, the Russian Wolfhound Club, the American Fox Terrier Club, the French Bulldog Club and the Old English Sheepdog Club. Even while these fads were at their peak, nobody can figure that he spent over \$100,000 a year on them.

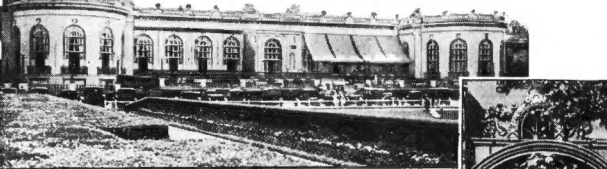
Reggie owned a score of expensive automobiles during his life, many of which he smashed and he often had to pay fines and damages. He was operated on once for kidney trouble and may have had to pay handsomely, as rich patients usually do. All these items have been carefully considered and set, adding them all up, horses, automobiles, wine, wives, doctors and dogs, they do not amount even for the annual interest on his millions, the coupons he cut and the dividend checks that poured in, much less his squandered principal.

Where did it all go? It went, every dollar except these moderate little expenditures, to the gamblers. Canfield's in New York is believed to have taken between a million and a half and two million Vanderbilt dollars from him, while the rest passed over the tables of Cannes, Monte Carlo and Deauville. Reginald Vanderbilt was known to the gaming fraternity as the perfect sucker.

One child was the result of this marriage—a daughter, now Mrs. Harry C. Cushing, and about the same age as her father's last wife. After a few years Reggie and the first Mrs. Vanderbilt drifted apart. Many a man has gone broke and, in New York State, even gone to prison because he could not meet his alimony payments, but Reggie only had to make a



Charming View From the Windows of Mr. Vanderbilt's Sandy Point Farm at Newport.



The Gambling Casino at Deauville, France, Where Mr. Vanderbilt Dropped Part of His Great Fortune.

financial bones clean and apparently they were the only ones who knew it. But until they were certain that he had thrown away his last million, the great European casinos, unseen and unsuspected by Reggie, intrigued, bribed and spent considerable fortunes to get him within their reach.

The gambling centres of the world maintain a permanent organization in the United States and, of course, all these men and women did not devote themselves to Reggie, but he was the fattest plum and got the most attention. It never occurred to this rich victim, though his family suspected and often warned him, that the unceasing propaganda from new friends and old to cross the ocean was unnatural and for no good reason. It believed in Europe that the Deauville Casino paid \$45,000 in commissions, salaries and expenses to those responsible for delivering Vanderbilt within its walls, as he supposed of his own free will. If this is true they still made a profit of \$12,000 on his first night's losses.

The luck was against him every time. When he played black, the wheel came red. When he played red, it was black. Finally in desperation he began to play thousand-dollar bets on the colors. By the time the sun had risen he had lost \$120,000.

"I will take \$5,000 more," he said. "He played the red eight times at \$1,000 a roll. He won two and lost six. He had a thousand dollars left."

"One thousand dollars on the red," he said calmly. "It came black. He wrote out a check for all he had lost, yawned slightly, put on his hat and went home. The spectators were impressed, not by the losses so much as the pawn. The name of Vanderbilt kept outsiders from suspecting that the well would ever run dry. So when Miss Gloria Morgan announced her engagement a few years ago to Reginald Vanderbilt, fashionable people of Newport, New York and Europe

nobody suspected that it had happened. A well remembered and typical case of his "good losing" occurred at Canfield's the night of March 14, 1902, just after his coming of age. With a few Yale classmates he lost quickly the small amount of cash that they had brought with them and Reggie asked:

"Is my check good?" "Certainly, sir for any amount," said Canfield. Young Vanderbilt took a thousand dollars' worth of chips and played them away in five turns of the wheel \$200 at a clip. He never won once. Then he took up another stack and the banker noted it. They were swallowed up immediately.

The luck was against him every time. When he played black, the wheel came red. When he played red, it was black. Finally in desperation he began to play thousand-dollar bets on the colors. By the time the sun had risen he had lost \$120,000.

"I will take \$5,000 more," he said. "He played the red eight times at \$1,000 a roll. He won two and lost six. He had a thousand dollars left."

"One thousand dollars on the red," he said calmly. "It came black. He wrote out a check for all he had lost, yawned slightly, put on his hat and went home. The spectators were impressed, not by the losses so much as the pawn. The name of Vanderbilt kept outsiders from suspecting that the well would ever run dry. So when Miss Gloria Morgan announced her engagement a few years ago to Reginald Vanderbilt, fashionable people of Newport, New York and Europe



Portrait, Painted by Hall, of Mrs. Reginald C. Vanderbilt, Who Obtained a Divorce With a Handsome Cash Settlement and Alimony.

have received \$7,500,000 of income in ten years, that is up to 1911.

His extravagance was then rapidly increasing and his original income quickly dropped in half. In two years he spent \$362,500 a year, or \$735,000. In the next two years it dropped again and he had only the income of his trust fund, \$300,000 a year, or \$600,000.

Then in 1915 occurred the death of his brother Alfred, and a legacy of \$5,000,000 was left to him. For the next four years (1915-1918), he had an income of \$500,000 a year—a total of \$2,000,000.

This income was diminishing at the usual rate, and in the next two years (1919-1920) he had \$375,000 a year, a total of \$750,000. In the next two years (1921-1922) his income was diminishing rapidly and it is estimated he had only \$281,000 a year to spend—a total of \$562,000. In the three years between this date and his death in 1925 he had only the income of his trust fund, \$250,000—or \$750,000.

This is an interesting tabulation of the vast amounts expended by Reggie Vanderbilt.

Income 1901-1910 \$7,750,000  
Income 1911-1912 735,000  
Income 1913-1914 500,000  
Income 1915-1918 2,000,000  
Income 1919-1920 750,000  
Income 1921-1922 562,000  
Income 1923-1925 750,000  
Capital expended 15,750,000

Total expenditure in 25 years \$28,797,000

The trust fund, because Reggie could not touch the principal, still remains to be divided between his two children, one by each wife. The widow can spend none of this on herself, but may apply such of the income of her daughter's share as the court may allow for the child's bringing up.

How the magic name of Vanderbilt hypnotized tradesmen to the very end is revealed by some of the names among the creditors. There is the claim for \$265,000 of Trinin & Soldkin, a news stand on Madison Avenue. Imagine how long it took, how many articles had to be purchased where nothing costs over a dollar and the unbounded confidence which made the news dealer let it run on, washing it were a million.

How the magic name of Vanderbilt hypnotized tradesmen to the very end is revealed by some of the names among the creditors. There is the claim for \$265,000 of Trinin & Soldkin, a news stand on Madison Avenue. Imagine how long it took, how many articles had to be purchased where nothing costs over a dollar and the unbounded confidence which made the news dealer let it run on, washing it were a million.

Right up to the end Reginald Vanderbilt retained his unflinching confidence with everyone except the gamblers. Those gentlemen knew that they had already taken it all.



One of the Last Photographs of Reginald Vanderbilt.

frankly envied her for making the catch of the season. She would now they thought, know the lustre enjoyed only by wives of the very rich.

The only possible difficulty might lie in the fact that she was so much younger than her husband.

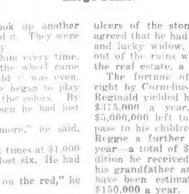
They had one daughter and then, before any unhappy divorce could arise, Reggie died rather suddenly of ulcers of the stomach.

He agreed that he had left a very rich, young and lucky widow. Yet all she could get out of the ruins was the dowry rights on the real estate, a matter of \$42,000. The fortune of \$1,500,000 left outright by Cornelius Vanderbilt to his son Reginald yielded him an income of about \$175,000 a year. The trust fund of \$5,000,000 left to him by his father, to pass to his children at his death, yielded Reggie a further income of \$250,000 a year—a total of \$425,000 a year. In addition he received various legacies from his grandfather and several aunts which have been estimated at \$3,000,000, or \$150,000 a year.

It therefore appears that Reggie from the time he left college in 1901 enjoyed an income of \$775,000 a year. Undoubtedly he made larger inroads into his capital every year, but it may be assumed that it remained nearly intact for the first ten years, for it was not until his first wife separated from him that it became known that his fortune had been somewhat reduced.

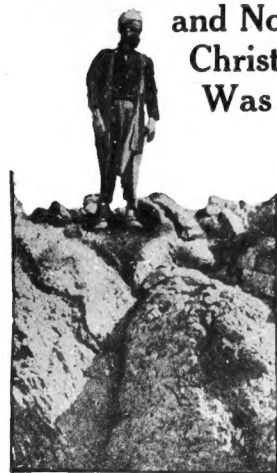
Upon this view of the facts, he must

Canfield's Luxurious Gambling House in East Forty-fourth Street, New York, Where Mr. Vanderbilt Lost Large Sums.



# Exploring The Mountain of The Saviour's Transfiguration

It Was on the Snow-capped Majestic Heights of Mount Hermon,  
and Not on Mount Tabor, Where It Is Now Thought  
Christ "Did Shine as the Sun, and His Raiment  
Was White as the Light"



Native Guide Standing on the Very Summit of Mount Hermon. Photographs Copyright by the American Colony in Jerusalem.

By G. E. Matson

Of the American Colony, Jerusalem.

ONE of the most dramatic episodes connected with the life of the Saviour was the Transfiguration. The New Testament accounts agree that Christ went up into "an high mountain" away from all observers except Peter, James and John. And there the Transfiguration took place.

For many centuries Mount Tabor, near Nazareth, has been regarded as probably the scene of the Transfiguration. But more and more it is being accepted that Mount Hermon was really the place. Mount Tabor rises to a height of 1,968 feet, while Mount Hermon raises its majestic form 9,000 feet toward the heavens. Mount Hermon is frequently referred to in the Scriptures as the northern border of the Holy Land. David spoke of the "dew" of Hermon in symbolizing what he considered the most delightful thing. Hermon was referred to by the Hebrew prophets with the same admiration and veneration as the Greeks felt for Olympus and Parnassus.

But while Mount Tabor is near at hand to the tourist, yet few climb to the Holy Land ever make the journey to the more inspiring Mount Hermon. If, as modern thought is now inclined to believe, this was the mountain which Christ ascended with his three disciples, it was well worth the rather difficult journey necessary to visit it. So early one morning, we set off from Jerusalem, a party of four, in the one motor lorry belonging to the American Colony here. We chose this conveyance because one of our objects was to collect botanical specimens from this little-visited region, while in addition we had our photographic equipment, food supply and blankets.

Before starting, we read once more the account of the Transfiguration as given in the 17th chapter of St. Matthew, 1:38-44. And after six days Jesus took with him Peter, James and John, and brought them up into an high mountain apart.

2. And was transfigured before them: and his face did shine as the sun, and his raiment was white as the light.

3. And, behold, there appeared unto them Moses and Elias, talking with him. 4. Then answered Peter, and said unto Jesus, Lord, it is good for us to be here; if thou wilt, let us make here three tabernacles: one for thee, and one for Moses, and one for Elias.

5. While he yet spake, behold, a bright cloud overshadowed them: and, behold, a voice out of the cloud, which said, This is my beloved Son, in whom I am well pleased; hear ye him. 6. And when the disciples heard it, they fell on their face, and were sore afraid.

7. And Jesus came and touched them, and said, Arise, and be not afraid. 8. And when they had lifted up their eyes, they saw no man, save Jesus only. Inspired by Matthew's account of the event, we laid out our route directly north through Nabulus and Samaria and the great plain of Esdraelon, Megiddo, perhaps better known under its New Testament name of Armageddon. It is certainly historic ground, for it has been the scene of many momentous battles which have moulded the course of history; and the least important among them being

The Snowcapped Mount Hermon, as Seen From the Placid Lake of Galilee.



Climbing Through the Snowdrifts Near the Top of the Mountain.

that won by the British forces in 1918 which decided the fate of Palestine.

Passing through Nazareth, a decidedly pretty town, spread out loosely over a big area of hills and valleys, we swung through Cana and entered the volcanic region that lies between this spot and the Sea of Galilee. As we approached its balmy and tropical shores we could detect the snow-capped summit of our goal, lying just forty miles away to the north as the crow flies. It formed a wonderful contrast, and it would have been well if we could have taken some of this warmth with us to temper the piercing cold of the nights on Mount Hermon.

Motoring along the shores of the sea we came to the banks of the upper reaches of the Jordan, here shrunk to a small muddy stream. We crossed it by the old Roman bridge, called Jisr Banat Yakoub (Bridge of Jacob's Daughter), so called from the tradition that it occupies the position of the ford by which the patriarch sent his family over the Jordan when he lay red bed to engage in that famous war, "until the break of day," which resulted in the change of his name to Israel. We found the bridge in a ruinous condition.

Turning northward, we soon came to Lake Huleh, or the Waters of Merom. The lake is bounded by much marshy ground covered with that interesting plant known as the papyrus, so useful to the ancient Egyptians, who were able to dress it in such a manner as to make it serve the purpose of writing paper. The plant has practically disappeared from Lower Egypt, but here it may be seen growing in profusion, its graceful festooned leaves swaying in the breeze.

We crossed the boundary in French Syria near Metallah, where is situated the most northern of the Jewish colonies, the plain of Merj Aysin. Here we encountered French officials, who inspected our papers and allowed us to pass. A four road led through the fertile plain to the once prosperous town of Jeddideh, in the foothills of the mountains. Alas, this place, like many others in this district, has been partially destroyed in the recent fighting, for we are now in the land of the Druses, those hardy, warlike mount-



Ruins of the Castle of "Nimrod" on the Summit of Mount Hermon.



The Village of Heshaya, Nestled Near the Foot of Mount Hermon.

tainers, who, though often hospitable enough to a passing stranger, have ever been a thorn in the flesh of the rulers of the country. They are constantly at war with the Turks, or quarreling among themselves. They have a religion of their own which is peculiar and secret. It is monotheistic—there is only one God—incomprehensible, ineffable, passionless, known by successive incarnations of which the last was Hakim, the Sixth Fatimate Caliph of Egypt. There were about seven incarnations—one for each period of the world. Jesus is one, but not Mahomet. No further incarnations can take place; in Hakim the final appeal to humanity was made, and now, the door is closed, finally and forever. But Hakim will come again, when the tribulation of the faithful reaches its height, to conquer, and render his religion supreme. Mecca will be taken, Jerusalem will fall, and, finally,

his soul puts on a fresh humanity which occupies a normal rank corresponding to the purity or impurity of the past life. They have their own scriptures, which are jealously guarded. They regard prayer as an imperative interference with the Creator. They have their own meeting houses (Kiblahs), and on Thursday evening, when their weekly day of rest begins, gather for study or for the discussion of ecclesiastical and political affairs. From Jeddideh we followed the new road to the town of Heshaya, which has also suffered in the recent rising. For months it was held by the warlike mountaineers, who were finally bombed out of it by the French. We found it inhabited by both Christians and Druses, and they were living in cordial harmony with one another. Heshaya is most beautifully situated at the foot of one of the western spurs of

Modern Sheik of the Desert, a Typical Druse Chief.

the world will accept the faith.

They believe in the transmigration of souls in the sense that the number of existing souls never varies, and that all souls now existent have lived vested in some human form, and that when a man

dies his soul puts on a fresh humanity which occupies a normal rank corresponding to the purity or impurity of the past life. They have their own scriptures, which are jealously guarded. They regard prayer as an imperative interference with the Creator. They have their own meeting houses (Kiblahs), and on Thursday evening, when their weekly day of rest begins, gather for study or for the discussion of ecclesiastical and political affairs. From Jeddideh we followed the new road to the town of Heshaya, which has also suffered in the recent rising. For months it was held by the warlike mountaineers, who were finally bombed out of it by the French. We found it inhabited by both Christians and Druses, and they were living in cordial harmony with one another. Heshaya is most beautifully situated at the foot of one of the western spurs of



The Transfiguration, as Painted by a Modernist, Eduard Von Gebhardt. Copyright by Bruckmann, Munich.

Mount Hermon near the river Hasbany, one of the sources of the Jordan, and here we spent the night before making the ascent of the mountain. The inhabitants were most hospitable, and the time we spent among them was most enjoyable.

Our host arranged for horses to carry us up the greater part of the mountain, and a pack mule for the baggage. The muleteer and guide who accompanied us was an athletic, young, black-bearded, white-turbaned Druse, who knew all the paths in the defiles of the mountains. His occupation in the summer months, was supplying the town of Heshaya with snow from the top of Mount Hermon. As in

ancient times so today the snows of this historic mountain are used for cooling the drinks of the wealthy. We found the ascent very long and tiring and the path rocky and steep. After gaining the summit of a jagged ridge which, when we approached it, appeared to be near the top, we found we had to descend again into a wide valley and negotiate the opposite side, for the mountain is much divided and cut up. The broad bottoms of these valleys contained gentle springs and good pasturage for flocks. The springs consisted of just a basin of cold, clear water which percolated quietly out of the ground, and these spots are the rendezvous of the shepherds and their flocks of goats.

Although a large variety of trees are to be found on the lower slopes of the Hermon range, the mountain as a whole, unlike parts of the Lebanon range, where the majestic cedars grow, is practically treeless. Now and again we were rewarded by wonderful panorama views over the great Hauran plain towards Damascus, which looked charming in its setting of groves and gardens.

It was not until we neared the summit that we encountered snow. It was late in the year, while the three-day winter had been a mild one. Still the snowfields were fairly extensive and we were all exhausted when we reached the highest

point, which stands about 9,050 feet above sea level. It was bitterly cold, and a stiff wind was blowing, though we found the air very exhilarating.

Here one really felt as though he were on the highest rung of the ladder, on the "roof of the world." This was mighty Hermon, which the palmists and prophets of Israel had spoken of in such romantic terms. The very summit of the mountain is marked by an observation post. Nearby are some ancient ruins built of stones of very large proportions, and known as Kasr Antar. These are probably the remains of an ancient temple to Baal. The view from here is extensive and grand, embracing as it does the greater part of Syria and Palestine. To the west are the heights of Lebanon, and to the southwest the shores of the Mediterranean and Phoenicia.

Between the two mountain ranges is the fertile region known as Coele Syria. On the east is a vast plain, with Damascus and its gardens in its midst, traversed by the Pharrar and other rivers. We found it difficult to keep ourselves warm during the night in spite of the many wraps we had brought along with us. We were glad to be up with the dawn to stamp around and bring warmth to our numbed limbs. And the sunrise that we witnessed from Mount Hermon was a sight never to be forgotten.

A feature of the vegetation of the higher slopes of Mount Hermon is a peculiar, low, spinescent shrub, the Acantholimon libanensis (Boiss), which is very much in evidence all over the mountain almost up to the snow line. It is hemispherical in shape and found growing in all sizes from a couple of inches to four and five feet in diameter and proportionately high. It is exceedingly dense and solid, and a person standing on the top of one of these vegetable mounds fails to get an impression upon it. The interior would appear to die and dry up, while the surface is either a beautiful green or brown, covered with pretty pink blossoms.

The plant has every appearance, especially at a distance, of a curled up hedgehog. It is not only a beautiful of the landscape, but a most fortunate provision of nature for the comfort of travelers, as it is the only fuel to be found on the higher regions of the mountain. One of these plants will burn for hours, giving out a steady heat for cooking meals and melting food for water. Although the desert of the mountain was easier than climbing, it nevertheless occupied almost a whole day.



# The "Rum-Runner Queen's" Hard Luck

Astonishing Career of Poor but Pretty Gloria, Who Was Outfitted by a Fashionable Dressmaker, Married a Multi-Millionaire and Has Been Overwhelmed by an Extraordinary Series of Misfortunes



Gloria inspecting the "General Serret" in Antwerp Harbor, Where She Purchased the Vessel.

INTO the ultra-fashionable salon of Eve Valere, facing the exclusive Hyde Park Hotel in London, came, some seven or eight years ago, a young girl clad in the simplest of inexpensive costumes, a contrast indeed to the luxuriously apparelled women who filled the showroom.

Nevertheless, despite the striking differences between this girl and the stylish clientele of Valere, there was a quality so magnetic and compelling about her that the chatter ceased, the mannequins parading in new creations were disregarded and all eyes riveted themselves upon the slender, simply-gowned figure which stood still, without a trace of self-consciousness, waiting for some attendant to approach her. "May we show you some of our models?" inquired a saleslady, drawing near the stranger.

In the silence that domination had imposed upon the onlookers, her answer came distinctly, spoken in a low, musical voice. "Perhaps. I do not know. First I must see Madame Valere—alone."

The creator of half of London's smart gowns was hovering in the background. At these words, she came forward. With the appraising eye of the artist, she took in every detail of the girl who stood proudly and yet with a certain timidity before her. "Come," she said kindly and led her into her sanctum.

When the door was closed and the two women stood face to face, silence reigned until the girl had quietly, deliberately, divested herself of the cheap little hat, the undistinguished coat and the modest little rabbit fur boa she wore about her throat. Then, her eyes met those of Madame Valere.

"What do you think of me?" she asked earnestly, after a lengthy pause during which Madame Valere's artistic sense had focused itself gazing at the young woman and her keen mind had visualized this divine being of slender curves and glorious color garbed as she alone could garb her.

"Superb!" breathed the enraptured critic. "My name is Gloria Vere," said this entrancing creature. "I am told that you are the most fashionable dressmaker in London. That is why I have come to you. I have just left the Convent of the Sacred Heart at Rouen, where I was educated. I came away before my education was completed because my father has lost all his money."

Madame Valere broke in. "It is impossible that you should work—a delicate, finely-bred creature like you, born to the purple."

"I do not intend to work in the sense of taking a mediocre position," replied Gloria. "I shall work at big things later on. I have not come to ask for a position. I have come to make a proposal. Do you think I am worth a risk?"

Madame Valere was puzzled. "I do not understand," she replied, "but continue. When you have made yourself clear, I will answer."

"No," said Gloria, "before I go any further, I must have an answer. She drew herself to her full height and by an imperceptible movement, placed herself in the light of the sun pouring into the room so that its rays illuminated the gold of her wonderful hair."

"Do you think I am worth the risk of several hundred pounds?" she repeated. Carried away by the artist's appreciation of the beautiful, Madame Valere



Mme. Gloria Vere Casares, Painted by Claude Harris, London.

threw business caution to the winds and exclaimed enthusiastically, "I do indeed. You are the most lovely and alluring creature I have ever seen."

Gloria had won her point. To proceed with her amazing proposition now had become easy. "I cannot pay anything," she explained, "but I have counted upon you to gamble to the extent of making me the most exquisitely dressed woman in London for the coming season. I have no definite ideas of what the future will bring. But I feel that with the right background, there are wonderful, even marvelous possibilities within me."

Gloria spoke without a suspicion of vanity. She voiced only her sincere conviction that she possessed the superb woman quality that must achieve success. Madame Valere's black eyes sparkled. Here in effect was a new sensation, a thrilling gamble she would love! Without one second's hesitation, Mme. Valere gave her promise.

Thus Gloria Vere, the obscure little country-bred, convent-trained girl, died seconded on London society life and took it by storm! Equipped with a wardrobe unexcelled by that of the richest heiress, her beauty and charm unique, she rapidly became the leader of her set. She was acknowledged to be matches.

Gloria was only seventeen at the time that Madame Valere bestowed upon her the valuable friendship which made possible her triumphs. Before her eighteenth birthday, she had received several quite excellent offers of marriage. However, her innate cleverness told her that she was worthy of something verging upon great-

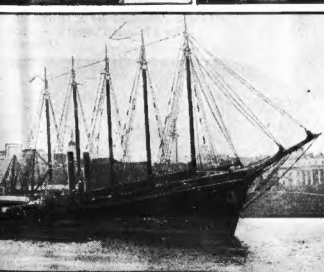
ness, a marriage of supreme brilliance. She suddenly decided that in South America, where her blonde beauty would form a vivid contrast against the swarthy Spanish types, she would achieve greater heights of success than in England.

Maneuvering her tiny resources with remarkable shrewdness, Gloria managed to sail for the Argentine. Out there, after creating a profound sensation in Buenos Aires, she eventually met the multi-millionaire and merchant prince, de Casares, and married him.

The news, of course, was received in England. Gay circles in London, where Gloria had associated, had felt the magnetic quality of her and rejoiced in her rare beauty, were greatly interested and pleased. When it was learned that Gloria would return shortly to England, it was assumed that her husband would accompany her. Elaborate arrangements to welcome the young couple were made. Great then was the surprise of everyone when Gloria arrived in London—alone!

No mention of her husband—alone! No mention of her husband's name—alone! She took a fine house at Neauleton and entertained on a large scale. Now that money was hers to command, she also repaid the material part of Mme. Valere's kindness, rather against the wish of that lady who had conceived a real affection for the winsome Gloria.

Madame de Casares took up hunting and won the reputation of being one of the finest riders in England. She learned to drive an auto and with equal ease became known as a crack motorist. However, her quick, masterly brain would not let her remain content with these accomplishments. Bored by frivolity, she took



The Famous Ship "General Serret" at Anchor in the Thames.

up the serious business of cattle fancying. Her tremendous power of concentration enabled her to grapple with the intricacies of the game, so that within a surprisingly short time she made a small fortune.

Having tested her own judgment and thus acquiring fresh confidence in herself, she felt she was in position to realize her ambition to do something that no woman had done before—that is, to found her own steamship line!

Her first step was characteristic. She studied navigation and marine problems until she had made herself the equal of any man qualifying for a captain's certificate. Then, she looked around for ships.

In 1923 she was running three small cargo boats, "The Buena," "The Trinidad" and "The Granada," plying between England and the West Indies. This formed the Gloria Steamship Company with offices at No. 7-11 Fenchurch avenue, London, of which Gloria was the head.

In the course of her new adventure as a ship owner, Gloria heard of a big five-masted, auxiliary power, schooner, the "General Serret," for sale in Antwerp harbor. Making a flying trip to Belgium, she inspected the vessel and bought it. It was known in shipping circles as "the mystery ship," because of suspicion that the vessel had been used for smuggling immigrants and running liquor into the United States.

W. R. Whitburn, an English captain, was recommended to her, and she put him in charge. In the hold of the "General Serret" was \$200,000 worth of whiskey, and it was said that Captain Whitburn, dogged, grizzled old seadog, was just the man to handle the ship and the cargo.

But difficulties began to arise which postponed the date of the sailing of the ship from Belgium, and just before the "General Serret" left Antwerp the vessel was joined by Captain Mills Joyce, who was acting as super-cargo (a sort of cargo manager).

Whether for personal reasons the two men quarreled, or whether Whitburn had become immediately irritated at the financial tribulation he had been through since Gloria appointed him captain, is not quite clear. Whatever the cause, the "General Serret" was ordered from Antwerp and appeared at the British port of Dover, where Whitburn announced that he was short of food, coal and cash, and he left the ship, turning it over to the command of Captain Joyce, who had shipped as super-cargo at the nominal sum of one shilling (twenty-five cents) a week as salary. Gloria's steamship agent in Dover was notified that the "General

Serret" had arrived in financial distress, and that the new captain, Joyce, refused to allow representatives of the owner to come near the ship.

Gloria's lawyer in Dover telegraphed her the situation and the message was delivered to her while she was at a supper party at the Cafe de Paris in London.

In her beautiful evening gown, with a Spanish shawl flung over her shoulder, and in her dainty, jeweled dancing shoes, she pushed her way through the most fashionable throng in London, hailed a taxi, and within just a few minutes of midnight she arrived at the forbidding dock of the Pool of London.

Taking instant command, she boarded a collar and ordered it to draw alongside of her ship. She herself hailed the captain, but instead of the jovial, buoyant Whitburn responding, a gaunt, grey figure leaned over the side of the "General Serret" and inquired "Who wants the captain?"

"I, the owner," replied Madame de Casares. "Well, I am the captain," cried Joyce harshly. "No one is allowed on this ship. Go away!"

"I am not allowed on my own ship," queried Gloria in tones of incredulity. "Who are you?" "The captain, I told you," replied the grating voice.

"You are not the captain!" exclaimed Gloria suddenly. "You are Mills, the supercargo, the steward!" How dare you! Fetch my captain immediately!" Joyce then threatened to get on the collar and drive off the party if they persisted. The increased Gloria's resort was to jump aboard the "General Serret."

Cowed by Gloria's indignation, Mills said weakly, "If you are the owner, why don't you pay your men?" "I have paid," she answered furiously. "If they have not received the money, I am not to blame."

"Have you ever received one penny from this woman?" he asked, turning to the crew, a band who looked for all the world like pirates and in the main were Greeks, Slavs and Syrians. Sullen-faced men, dark-skinned men, curly raffians, all of them, they crowded uncomfortably close to Gloria, shaking their fists in her face and uttering menaces that might have scared the bravest of men. Gloria, whatever she may have felt inwardly, standing alone on that boat in the dead of night, surrounded only by the toughest specimens of hostile humanity, certainly showed no lack of courage. Calmly she faced the lot of them. "Bah!" she cried, contemptuously to Joyce, "they are drunk!"

Deliberately, unharmed, she turned her back on the threatening seamen and the enraged captain and slowly, and as though she might change her mind at any moment, she stepped back on the collar.

Furiously now the drama unfolded itself. After Gloria had learned that Whitburn, whom she had considered the loyal-

Gloria and Her Captain on the Bridge of the Rum-Runner "General Serret."

et of friends, had instituted suit against her for "disbursements and payment of wages," she rushed to consult her lawyers. The next morning, whilst discussing the situation with her attorney, an amazing interruption disturbed the conversation.

Two detectives had arrived on the scene and forced their way into the private room where Gloria was sitting! In approved Scotland Yard fashion they cautioned her and produced a warrant for her arrest. The charge against her was that she had obtained a dress to the value of \$70 from Selfridge's Department Store "under false pretenses and with intent to defraud."

"Good heavens!" exclaimed the startled girl. "I have an account in Selfridge's. I owe them quite a lot of money." Gloria was driven to the Marlborough Street Police Court, where she was immediately released on bail. "This looks to me like conspiracy," she remarked, and this opinion, indeed, was echoed by many, since when the case came to trial, she was discharged, as they say in the police court, "Without a stain on her character!"

The arrest did not terminate her ordeal. As she was leaving the court, Gloria learned that the "General Serret" had been arrested, too!

Nailed to the picturesque masts were the white placards there by the Admiralty Marshal, whose duty it was to hale the ship until the dues on the wharf had been paid and until she had undergone the Board of Trade survey that would be necessary before she could sail under British registration.

Next the cargo of whiskey was "arrested" by the British authorities to make sure that it was not smuggled on shore without paying the government duty. And thus began a series of misfortunes which have pursued Gloria Vere, who was outfitted in that London dressmaking salon eight years ago, and began a career which has been indeed remarkable, and the end of which no one of her friends will venture to predict.

A few weeks ago Mrs. Casares arrived in New York. Gloria had tied up in Liverpool on a Canadian ship from Antwerp to her astonishment the British immigration authorities refused to allow her to land. They notified her that she must return to America on the very ship that had brought her to Liverpool, and finally permitted her to remain on shore at a hotel under guard of detectives until the ship was ready to leave.

Departed from her own native England, the immigration authorities in New York refused to allow her to remain in the United States. Branded as an "undesirable" by Great Britain and refused entrance into the United States, there was one place she might go—to the Argentine, where her husband lives and where she had become a citizen by marriage.

But having separated from her husband, she was not permitted to go, the woman Gloria wanted to be dumped. Allowed to land under a bond that she would leave within fifteen days, the unfortunate woman disappeared from sight, prompting the immigration officials to leave the United States by way of Canada when her fifteen days were up.

After playing hide-and-seek with the United States authorities for a few weeks after her fifteen days' stay was up, Gloria came out of hiding and went on board the ship the other day bound for France, and what will be the next chapter in the adventures of the "Rum-Runner Queen," only the future will reveal.



The Witch and the African Magician Who Make Things Extremely Lively for Prince Achmed and His Brother-in-Law, Aladdin of the Magic Lamp.

**T**HE Story of Prince Achmed and the marvellous adventures which befell him, otherwise "Aladdin and His Wonderful Lamp," are known to all readers of the "Arabian Nights," but it has remained for Frau Lotte Reiniger, a Berlin artist of exceptional ability, to give us a new vision of this legend, made from tiny figures in silhouette.

Frau Reiniger is well-known as an artist and a silhouettist, but it was not until she had perfected her technique of movement that she attempted anything so elaborate as these illustrations of the "Arabian Nights" which are as full of incident and as thrilling as a modern drama, while its exotic charm and beauty appeal to the artist and general public alike.

Frau Reiniger first makes sketches of her characters and, having determined their salient points, fashions them in papier mache. The principal characters are made in various sizes; there are twenty models of Prince Achmed (the biggest of which is about six inches) to fit into the various scenes of his adventures. The immediate background is also cut out of papier mache, but the land and seascapes are painted on tracing paper, one sheet used behind another to give the effect of different planes of distance.

The tiny figures are placed on a sheet of glass; above them is another with the background upon it. Frau Reiniger has become so expert at it that the figures seem to act in the most charmingly natural manner. Their gestures are most convincing in every way, and have the additional grace of a fantastic style.

In the course of this work 100,000 different figures were drawn. Frau Reiniger spent three years on the task. Art critics declare that she has produced something quite unique in her combination of tense dramatic action and frail delicious fantasy.

These little creatures are far too vividly conceived and handled to destroy the illusion of reality. When Prince Achmed

# Arabian Nights in Silhouette

A German Woman Artist Devotes Three Years to the Making of 100,000 Little Black Figures to Illustrate the Oriental Fairylike Scenes of the Famous Stories



Aladdin Attacked by a Horde of Malignant Devils, Seizes the Lamp Whose Magic Properties Keep at Bay the Evil Forces Sent to Overwhelm Him.



At the Bottom of the Cave Aladdin Finds the Magic Lamp.



Hidden by the Giant Palms, Prince Achmed Watches the Arrival of the Princess Paribanu and Her Ladies Dressed in Their Magic Feather Robes, Which They Discard to Plunge Into the Waters of the Enchanted Lake.



Achmed on the Flying Horse Soars Into a Sea of Stars.



Aladdin and Princess Dinarsade.

springs on his flying horse and soars into the sky, past great masses of rolling cloud, through tempest-swept heavens, half hidden, half revealed by blinding flashes of lightning, till he sails into a sea of stars, the effect is so impressive and so lovely that onlookers feel that they are really living among the magical scenes of "The Arabian Nights."

The fight, too, between the African magician and the witch is a marvel of monstrous transformations and breath-taking escapes. In fact, from whatever point of view it may be looked at this is undoubtedly a notable achievement.

One of the most fairy-like achievements of the artist is the picture of the beautiful Princess Paribanu and her attendant ladies in the enchanted lake. The figures of the women are as dainty as butterflies and while there is the same absence of costume as in "September Morn," no puritan is likely to be offended by it.

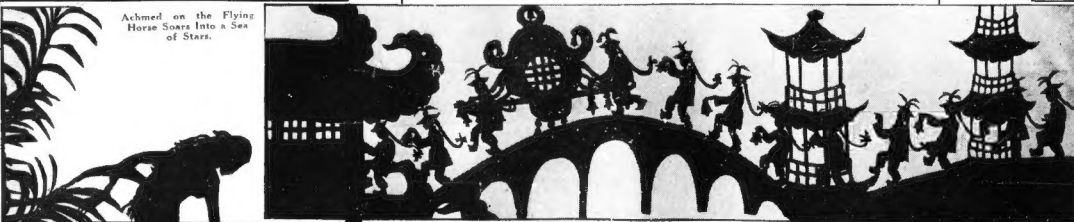
In another picture we see Prince Achmed almost hidden by palms watching the arrival of Princess Paribanu at the enchanted lake. There again, the artistry is very charming.

Remarkable imagination is shown in the picture in which Aladdin, by means of his wonderful lamp, wards off the evil creatures sent to torment him by the wicked magician. The monsters that swarm around him are so terrible that one wonders why Aladdin was not frightened out of the use of the last of his magical possessions.

A remarkable sense of beauty is shown in the composition of Prince Achmed on his flying horse, sailing into the sea of stars.

The beautiful palace, which the magician created for Aladdin in one night is reproduced for us by the artist. The creation of this palace is the event which makes most people feel intensely interested in the adventures of Aladdin. How many of us would like to have palaces and jewels without labor, just by rubbing an old lamp or a ring?

Lotte Reiniger Puts the Final Touches to Prince Achmed as He Mounts His Flying Horse.



The Wedding Procession of Aladdin and Princess Dinarsade and of Prince Achmed and His Bride, Princess Paribanu.

On the Right—Prince Achmed Strays Into the Ante-Chamber of Princess Paribanu, Where Her Ladies Beg Him to Tarry. This Is a Delicious Scene of Mock-Serious Love-making, in Which the Artist Recaptures the Very Spirit of the Orient and the Luxuriant Atmosphere of the Harem. —And on the Left—The Princess Paribanu and Her Ladies One September Morn!





LONDON, June 11.

It is now answered—they draw it from the bodies of those present in the form of heat.

will burst open, and the contents of the box thrown yards away. The present table is the successor to a stout mahogany one which was broken in pieces by a tremendous rap during the seance.

Medical men have noted that Stella's pulse beat is 94 at the opening of a seance and 134 at the close, showing the

She told friends and, on their advice, went to a spiritualist meeting, where she was advised that she was a remarkable medium. The phenomena that puzzled her puzzled learned professors, and the little wind that shook her flowers shakes the sufficiency of natural laws.

chemical balances, electroscopes, galvanometer, barograph, thermograph, and a maximum and minimum thermometer outside the window for comparison with interior temperature. An air-tight enclosure—by means of the pulsations of a spirit bubble—the circulation of the air. A large copper still provides all the distilled

Various kinds of lighting effects can

light from both—or either—lamps and is always under the eye of the note taker. A silver chronometer, with split seconds, for timing pulse rates and similar purposes is at hand if necessary. The note taker's lamp is made in Paris specially for the National Laboratory.

which opens by describing a dancing scene to a tambourine and a lamp black. At the table prevents interfering with the softly until Stella's rank in sheepish shoulders. A meers over her face and the table is covered by a clavys- of an Italian girl and their new state, it is often. They will to questions. But intelligibly all over beside, the floor, the flaps of the table the contents of the table to a stout mahogany in pieces by a treachery.

It is noted that Stella's face shows, showing the terrific strain to which she is subjected, although she appears to be in a peaceful sleep.

Stella is just a jolly, sports-loving teenager, 24 years old, whom we can keep her name out of the press so that she may never lose her job as a model. The school girl she was taken to a spiritualist meeting, but she confessed she found it all merely comic. "I had all I could do to keep my seat," she said. "I was so nervous."

But, five years ago, there came to her something that caught at her heart and pushed her to the limit.

"One day, when I was alone in my room, I felt a little whisper of a voice that said to me, 'Stella, go to the prophet on the mountain top,' she said. "I went to the prophet and the flowers on my bedrose were shaken by it, although outside the trees were still and the windows were shut and the door. There came little taps, soft but distinct, on the floor. I went to the door, went to a spiritualist meeting, where she said, 'I was so nervous.'"

Stella's story, which she told to puzzled learned professors, and the little book she wrote, *Stella's Story*, shows the sufficiency of natural laws.

[illegible][illegible]

For taking time a lever watch, with black face and luminous figures (minutes specially marked) is supported upon a gimbal riveted to the bottom inside the glass box. The watch receives the red light from both—or either—lamps and is always under the eye of the note taker. A silver chronometer, with split seconds, for timing pulse rates and similar purposes is at hand if necessary. The note taker's lamp is made in Paris specially for the National Laboratory.

Various kinds of lighting effects can

# Wealth and Romantic Adventures

## Mrs. Catherine Stuart, Who Married an Indian the Favorite Wife in a Turkish Harem and a Wealthy Spaniard, Explains Why Defiance



Catherine Stuart, and Her Husband's Big Steam Yacht, the "Golden Cid," Anchored in the Harbor at Monte Carlo.

### By Catherine Stuart

#### CHAPTER IV.

(Continued from Last Sunday)

"STOP that woman!" Last week I told you how those words terrified me. I had escaped from the harem of Dolpey Bey in Constantinople, changed into European clothes and with a false passport and disguised as a maid was just stepping aboard the Orient Express to freedom when a Turkish police officer recognized me from a photograph in his hand.

My heart sank, for though I am an English girl, I was one of Dolpey Bey's legal wives and terrible would be my punishment. To be stripped and beaten within an inch of my life in the presence of all the harem would be getting off lightly indeed.

Mme. Moran, as I explained, was a member of the French Secret Service and while one officer held my arm she took the other man aside and whispered. The Turk stolidly shook his head until she produced some documents from the bosom of her dress and showed them to him. To my joy and surprise, his expression changed, he began to nod as he read them, pocketed the papers, bowed low and ordered his puzzled companion to release me. I was free.

Later I learned that these magic documents were only some receipted hotel bills but attached to them was 200 Turkish pounds. The reward for my capture was much more, but it would have nearly all gone to his superiors, while this was his very own. Allah is great and so is graft.

As we stepped into our compartment I received another shock but a pleasant one. There was Frank Doyen, the gallant young American engineer to whom I had appealed as I fled through the streets of Constantinople.

"Why," I exclaimed, "I did not know that you were going with us!"

"Well," he smiled, "my firm in Chicago thought I had better report in person."

"You mean you thought so," remarked Mme. Moran, with a mischievous look at both of us. At Paris we parted from this keen-witted woman but Frank took a few weeks' vacation to show me the sights of the French capital. I had seen them all before, but it was a delight to see them again in his company. He was a very nice man and we were very nice to each other, but alas, I was still married to my Turkish husband.

When at last I saw Frank's steamer taking him away from Cherbourg I returned to Paris and engaged a suite at the Hotel Maurice. I was in a peculiar mental condition which might be described as on the fence, with the gray life of respectability on one side and the lurid life of do as you please on the other. I had known both kinds and did not like either very much. It was in the hands of fate which way this particular cat would jump.

While I was wavering and wondering, I found at the hotel an old friend of mine whom I had known when I was a little girl in India—a very beautiful Scotchwoman. Hearing of my adventure and that I was quite alone she invited me to pay a visit to her wonderful home in Scotland, and I accepted.

Mrs. Macnaughton was typically Scotch, of lineage dating back to Mary Queen of Scots, and a charming woman. She was also quite modern, and I soon found that her house party at her Scottish house was composed of the youngest and smartest members of society. Her husband was quite young, and I soon decided that I was in for a jolly time.

One of the guests was a certain titled lady famous as an eccentric dancer—eccentric to such an extent that the management of no English or Scottish theatre dare allow her to perform on their stage. I had seen her in Paris at the Theatre Mogador. We had many things in common, since her romantic escapades had been nearly as numerous as my own, although not so often blessed with matrimony.

One night while I was staying with Mrs. Macnaughton the daring dancer gave us all an exhibition of her act in the ballroom. Many of the women either were or pretended to be shocked, but I noticed that the men applauded vigorously. The moment the women who had been in doubt about the performance saw that, they too were full of shock and disapproval, all but my hostess and myself.

The titled dancer and I became great friends, and I soon discovered that she was head over heels in love with a certain man who held an important post in the Scottish Office in London. She had a husband of her own, but that was a mere detail, a nuisance, like a mortgage which demanded interest periodically. The man she was secretly in love with happened to be also a guest at Mrs. Macnaughton's, with his wife, a charming if somewhat stern lady.

One night after I had gone to bed a light knock came at my door and Lady— a picture in her ravishing Japanese pajamas and with a flowered kimono on her shoulders, entered.

"Darling," she whispered, "forgive me for waking you but I want you to help me."

"Yes," I replied, "what can I do?"

She then told me that the wife of her lover had discovered her in a compromising position with him, but she had managed to escape. She then went on to say that she was certain the wife of her lover had recognized her and if the scandal came out she would shoot herself.

I sympathized, and then nearly fell out of bed at the amazing proposal Lady— calmly made to me. Holding up her vivid yellow kimono she said: "I had this on, and it is only by this hue can I recognize me. Darling, I want you to take it—and wear it," she finished.

I HAVE had almost everything the world can offer in the way of yachts, jewels, wealth and power, as well as romantic adventures. I have been the wife of an Indian prince, the favorite wife in a Turkish harem, the wife of a wealthy Spaniard and of an Englishman. In short, I have lived the kind of life that I know many young women, even of high principle, at times yearn to live.

I attempted to escape from the gray life of conventional

society and seek the new "freedom" and "self-expression" which the modern woman has so much to say about. My wretched experiences and disasters were the inevitable consequences of my folly in emancipating myself from the wholesome rules which no woman can successfully defy.

short of money. I had handed over to my Turkish husband, on my marriage, the bulk of my fortune and on my escape from Turkey I had had to realize on certain shares and securities which were with my bank in Calcutta. I had spent a good deal of money in Scotland, and on my arrival in Paris, and on taking up my residence at the Ritz Hotel, I discovered that I had less than \$20,000 to my credit at the Paris agents of the Bank of India.

This represented the sum total of my fortune, and I determined that this would quickly have to be augmented in some way. As usual, fate soon presented an opportunity to do this.

Staying at the Ritz was a very wealthy South American, to whom I was one evening introduced by General Richards, the well-known big-game hunter, who had been an intimate friend of my father for many years, and whom I had been delighted to find staying at the Ritz preparatory to setting out on an expedition to Central Africa.

The South American to whom General Richards introduced me was the "big noise" in the Brazilian diamond mines and bore the name of Ramon Gonzales.

Tall, thin, with the swarthy skin of the south coast black hair and eyes—you know the sort—Ramon was the sort of magazine or film sheik movie "fans" dream about—in real life. Coupled with his good looks he was a charming conversationalist and danced as only Spaniards know how.

Although resident in Rio de Janeiro Ramon had been born at Barcelona and was, and still is, a power in Spain. He holds, and wears on occasion, the beautiful Order of the Golden Fleece. The first time I met him he was wearing it, as he was just off to attend an official dinner at the Spanish Embassy as a guest of the Spanish Ambassador.

Ramon Gonzales had one passion—he was a gambler. And, because he could afford to lose, he usually won. I had in no way sought my previous husbands and had certainly not married them with any ulterior motive. In the case of Ramon, however, I am going to confess that I set out to "catch" him. I liked him, also I needed him. An extremely wealthy man and with no physical detractions, I saw in him a way to my return to wealth. I am a woman who must have money.

Ramon Gonzales spent a great deal of his time at French race-meetings, to which he journeyed in his luxurious Hispano-Suiza car, brought over with him from Brazil.

One day he invited me to go down to the Long-champs races with him. Gladly enough I agreed, looking forward to what would prove a new experience to me. I soon found that I, too, was a born gambler. Had I not already gambled with life—and love? Now I began to experience the thrill of gambling with money. Since then I have become a confirmed gambler and visit Monte Carlo every season.

On the day in question I had the beginner's proverbial luck. In the first three races I backed rank outsiders, disregarding Ramon's expert advice. In each case my horse came home and I drew a substantial sum in winnings. I now became reckless and where before I had only backed with thousand-franc notes I determined to have a real gamble.

In the 4 o'clock race there was a horse called L'Escargot (the snail), although it was the very opposite of a snail! I noticed him in the paddock and was so struck by his resemblance to a horse I used to ride in India that I decided to take the big chance on him.

"But he's a rank outsider," objected Ramon. "You're throwing money away."

"He's sure to win, I feel it in my heart," I smiled at the handsome Spaniard by my side.

"You women are fools where racing is concerned. Because a horse has nice eyes—or a patch on its nose—or the jockey's colors match your dress you must throw money away on him," smiled Ramon. "I don't care," I replied. "I'm going to back L'Escargot."

"Very well, have your way. How much are you going to waste on your fancy?"

"A half million francs," I said quietly.

"What!" Ramon almost shouted. "I mean to have a real gamble," I said to my companion, handing him the money.

Shrugging his shoulders, the Spaniard walked over and laid the bet. I waited for the race to begin with beating heart.

Suddenly the cry went up—the cry which has thrilled so many hearts—"they're off!" And at once I clapped my field-glasses to my eyes and followed



The French Race Horse Escargot, Which Won a Handsome Stake for Mrs. Stuart and Helped Win Her a Very Rich Husband

"But supposing I am seen in it, the women will think that it was I that—"

"Exactly," smiled her ladyship.

"But I shall be dragged into a sordid divorce case," I objected.

"For my sake, dear," she pleaded.

I put the matter up to my hostess, and she seemed to think it was my duty because I was the only woman who would not lose a man by the adumbration of her husband.

Well, to cut a long story short, I agreed—and next morning was secretly amused when I went to my bath in Lady—'s kimono to meet her lover's wife, and to see her start and wither me with a glance, believing me to be the admirer of her husband.

A month later the case came up in the London divorce courts and I was cited as co-respondent. Lady—'s lover was amazed and immediately called on me. I succeeded in quieting him, however, telling him that for her ladyship's sake he must allow the mistake. The case came up before Mr. Justice Darling, and a decree nisi on a plea of misconduct on the part of her husband "with a woman unknown" was granted.

I now received a letter from my old Cairo friends, Mr. and Mrs. Neveson, who were at the time in Constantinople, informing me that Dolpey Bey, my Turkish husband, from whose harem I had fled, had shot himself. Fortunately it was not my running away that had caused the tragedy. When a man has a harem personnel of three wives and more than a dozen concubines, one wife more or less is no great calamity. His real motive was that he had been caught intriguing against the Turkish Government and knew that his arrest and exposure were imminent.

Yet I was distressed, for I had loved Dolpey Bey and, in his Modern fashion, he had loved me and been kind and considerate. I often wish that I had delayed my escape for a few more months and thus avoided hurting his heart and his pride. Still it was good news that I was free of my matrimonial chains. What would I do with my freedom? Ah! there was a string tied to it, a financial one, the most annoying one of all, as I found on my return to Paris.

For about the first time in my life I began to run



Prince Paul of Serbia, Who Went to Mrs. Stuart's Rescue in the Monte Carlo Casino.



# Brought Her Only Misery

## Prince, Then Became Next Married a Member of the Rules of Conventional Society Brings Disaster

The purple cap of L'Escargot's jockey. At first he was left quite behind but gradually he crept past the others until he reached neck and neck with a horse who had taken the lead at the start and kept it.

My heart beating rapidly against my ribs and my breath coming in gasps I watched L'Escargot gradually creep ahead.

"He's winning! He's winning!" I almost screamed to Ramon.

Another minute and L'Escargot flashed past the winning post, winner by about a head. I clutched my companion's arm. "I've won!" I cried.

"Most extraordinary," Ramon kept saying, "most extraordinary woman. How did you pick all those unlikely winners?"

"I have a premonition about important things," I explained (which is sometimes true). Most of the way back to Paris he watched me in silence. Finally he said:

"Tomorrow I am going to Marseilles to pick up my yacht. Have you a premonition that you are going with me?"

"I have a premonition that you are first going to arrive me," I replied.

"Right again," he said and, like a billiard ball driven by the cue of fate, I again tumbled into the orbit of matrimony.

Great steam yachts have been the scenes of many high spots in my life but I can't say that they have brought me much happiness. It was on my own Lotus Flower that I was drugged and committed into marrying my first husband and on the Mehemet's "Kharna" that I had to put aillet through the owner's arm to convince him that slightly tarnished reputation does not make a woman common property. Now on the magnificent raft, the "Golden Swan," I was again to live and earn—to my sorrow.

The first thing I learned, and most women would say that it alone should have made me happy, was that money was no consideration at all. I could have all I wanted. But a woman quickly gets used to any level of extravagance and is no happier than before. It was my husband's idea to head straight for Monte Carlo and as he was eager as he. Vices and sweethearts of the rich have a practical motive for gambling. If the man wins the woman is sure to get something out of it. If he loses it won't do him any good to be cross.

If she wins, she keeps her winnings, of course. If she loses, she becomes so dependent, irritable and difficult to live with that he is pretty sure to make good. This is especially true on the honeymoon while the pleasant fiction still prevails that anything of his is hers for the asking.

Before we had been there three days I was \$50,000 ahead and then lost it all on one crazy play. Don Ramon, seeing my broken-heartedness—which was really broken-pursedness—gave me a long but gentle lecture on how to gamble. I listened meekly as befits a wife who hopes for something she does not deserve and received my reward in a check for fifty thousand. After that I played only for insignificant stakes. It would be unwise to have him reimburse me twice on the same visit. And for a while it was thrilling enough to watch the others play.

I remember seeing Margot Asquith—now the Countess of Oxford and Asquith—win \$35,000 in three coups. I was standing right behind her at the time. She had been losing all the evening and a large pile of Banque de France notes in front of her had been growing smaller and smaller. Suddenly her face changed. She backed "evens." "Evens" won. I left her stake, "evens" came up again—for a second time she took the risk of leaving her winnings on the table. Yet again "evens" won—and smiling with pleasure, Margot gathered up her counters and notes and left the table—the richer by over \$35,000.

Soon afterwards I happened to walk down the big staircase which runs from the salle privée to the public—now and so engrossed in her conversation with her husband, the Earl of Oxford and Asquith, was she, that she failed to notice that she had dropped a large wad of notes. I picked them up, ran after her and gave them to her. She thanked me and asked me to luncheon next day. After that we became excellent friends and I found her a most charming and clever woman—if a little cynical on matters of marriage and sex.

Another lucky winner at the Monte Carlo gaming tables that season was Constance, Duchess of Westminster. For four days, playing at the tables on an average six hours a day, she did not lose a centime. I saw her stake en couleur solely, for twenty-six coups one evening and win twenty-two times, relieving the bank of \$23,000!



Autographed Portrait of the Duchess of Westminster, Which Her Grace Gave Mrs. Stuart as a Souvenir.

So noticeable became her luck that whenever she drew near a table a seat would at once be given to her and coteries of gamblers would follow her every move. When she fancied "rouge"—there was at once a rush to place money on that color. When she decided to try "noir"—"black" was at once piled high with stakes.

Just before she left Monte Carlo that season she told me confidentially that she had won three times her annual income from the Duke of Westminster, from whom she is divorced, and who allows her \$50,000 a year.

I was sitting on one of the divans which line the walls of the salle privée one evening, smoking a cigarette and having a cocktail, when an extraordinary incident took place.

In a previous chapter I told of a strange Arab in Cairo who almost succeeded in murdering me because he took me for someone else. I wish that wild double of mine, whoever she is, would beware herself. Compared with her I have evidently lived the life of a saint. I was now to hear indirectly from this holy terror again.

A Greek whose face I had never seen before planted himself in front of me and poured out a frightful denunciation of my character. A few of the things may have fitted me but he went on to depths of infamy that made others within earshot recoil and look at me as if I were Satan's sister. The man was sober and sincere and I have no doubt it was all true, but not for me.

When I gasped out that I did not know him, he was so enraged that he struck me a stinging blow on my chest. Before he could strike again a tall, elegant figure of a man whisked him around and gave him the quickest and most artistic beating I ever saw. It had to be quick because Monte Carlo is the best policed place in the world. His last act was to pick my annoyances from the floor and hurl him bodily at four secret police disguised in evening dress as they came up on the run. It knocked them all down like ten-pins.

"A strike," said my rescuer gallantly as he bowed to me. It was Prince Paul of Serbia. Gallantly he declined my thanks and assured me that the gratitude was his because rarely does a Prince get a chance to prove that he is also a man.

Of course, I let him take me out of the confusion to the moonlit veranda, where we sipped a cordial. Now many Princes are just sluggish, overfed and overindulged human pigs, the kind of man who will talk to a woman with a cigar in his mouth. But there are a few shining exceptions, such of course, as the Prince of Wales, and one of them is Paul, Prince of Serbia.

No woman should flirt on her honeymoon, even with such a man as was paying attention to me, because this freedom, like all others I have tried, has its price. My husband was so engrossed in gambling that he did not notice that his neglect was thoroughly compensated by someone else. This is not strange because a man with gambling fever is



"The infuriated man was so enraged that he struck me a stinging blow in the chest. Before he could strike again a tall, elegant figure of a man whisked him around and gave him the quickest and most artistic beating I ever saw. His last act was to pick my annoyances from the floor and hurl him bodily at four secret police, disguised in evening dress, as they came up on the run."

in a trance. And so the days and weeks of our unusual honeymoon wore on until the crash.

One night I returned late to the yacht from a ball given by the Prince of Monaco. Prince Paul had been my escort and it had been a wonderful evening. Running up the gangway from the Prince's racing motorboat in which he had brought me out from the shore, I went slowly and sleepily below and wandered towards my stateroom, which adjoined that of Ramon. Casually I looked in to his, and then stood still—aghast.

My husband was standing against his dressing table in his shirt sleeves, one of them rolled up to his elbow. In his hand he held a hypodermic syringe which he was about to plunge into his arm. "Ramon, what are you doing?" I cried jumping forward and grasping the hand which held the syringe.

"Let go," my husband cried, and pushed me away. I clung to him fiercely and tried to get the syringe away from him. In a fury, half crazed, I discovered, with morphia, he struck me viciously in the face, knocking me to the ground. He then brutally kicked me in the stomach, causing me to shriek with pain. I staggered to my feet and Ramon, grasping me by the shoulder, pushed me through the door which led to my own stateroom and locked it. Broken-hearted and aching all over from my husband's brutality, I sank into unconsciousness. For over a week I lay in bed, bruised and ill, and not once during that period did my husband visit me.

I sent for the captain of the yacht, a pleasant voiced Portuguese. I decided to take him into my confidence about my husband. What he told me made me realize that for the third—and, I determined, the last—time my marriage was to turn out an utter mistake.

The Portuguese told me that Ramon had periodic bouts of drug-taking, during which he became almost a fiend, wandering about the yacht like a madman, and had on several occasions suddenly appeared on deck in his pajamas with a revolver, and shot at the sailors on watch. When he again became normal and the captain made a completely honest confession on behalf of the crew, he always apologized

and gave all the crew very handsome presents of money. On one occasion, when he had shot at the captain himself on the bridge, he had given him \$5,000 to say nothing about it afterwards.

It was a fortnight before Ramon became himself again. Then one morning he appeared in my cabin shaved and his old immaculate self. Going on his knees beside my bed he begged, with tears in his eyes, for my forgiveness and asked me in future to help him to fight his drug addiction. I forgave him, and told him that if I caught him taking drugs again I would at once leave him. In my heart I had already divorced him.

Of course, that old urge for freedom now reasserted itself. By this time you will wonder what freedom I had not already helped myself to, but there remained one thing, the stage. Actresses always seem to live the most untrammelled lives of all and besides they parade themselves and their clothes every day before admiring audiences. When I announced to Ramon that I wanted to go on the "boards" he flatly forbade it. I did not argue but was in Paris seeking work before he dreamed that I would dare to disobey him.

After a dreary round of the managers I found that it could be "arranged" for a wealthy woman to be starred or featured if she would finance the production, but I wanted to get on by merit. Eventually, instead of driving round in search of theatrical employment in a car and wrapped in fables, I decided to go the rounds on foot or in a taxi, dressed less expensively. One day, when my hopes of ever getting into a show were at zero point, I happened to walk into the office of Monsieur Louis Lemarchand, the great French producer and playwright.

To him I confided my desire to get even a "chorus" job. Quietly he questioned me and when I happened to mention casually that I had been in a Turkish harem he was at once all attention. "I think I can do something for you," he said, taking out a roll of typewritten paper. "In my new revue at the Casino de Paris I am having a harem scene in Act II. Will you take a part in that?"

Three weeks later I opened at the Casino de

\_\_\_\_\_



# Soap—And Soap For The Face Two Widely Different Things

If Keeping a Schoolgirl Complexion is Your Aim

By NORMA SHEARER

The present day urge of beauty authorities to "Wash Your Face" is fundamentally founded on the successful blending of cosmetic oils into a certain type of soap—not merely on the score of cleanliness. The Rule most professional women follow today in choosing soap for facial use, and how they use it.



Wherever you go today, radiant skins are seen on every side. It is small wonder that foreigners know America as the land of "that school-girl complexion." Yet one simple rule in skin care is largely credited with the fresh beauty for which American women are noted.

ON every side today one is urged to wash one's face with soap, at least once daily. But what women must realize is that the success of this method is delicately balanced upon the kind of soap one uses.

Taking chances on unproved soaps is a great mistake. Risking simply so-called "good soap" on your face may prove a costly mistake. Women on the stage and in "the pictures" to whom beauty is a necessary adjunct to success—and to their salary checks—are first to avoid untried soaps.

One must remember that not so many years ago, women were told, "use no soap on your faces." Soaps then were judged too harsh. Then almost over night, on expert advice, soap was adopted by thousands as the most important aid to beauty. Natural skin loveliness was found to come from pores kept properly clean, open.

That drastic change in skin care was due principally to the first successful blending of cosmetic oils into a soap. The blending of beauty oils, from olive and palm trees, famous as beautifiers since the days of Cleopatra, into a toilet soap.

That unique blending changed the viewpoint on soap throughout the world—it produced a soap with a different influence on the skin from any other known before.

For that reason, the rule to follow in choosing a soap that is safe for the face is to use only a true complexion soap; a soap made strictly for facial use, a soap embodying proved cosmetic oils. Good complexions are too priceless for experiment.



In beauty-wise Paris, home of cosmetics, Palmolive has supplanted French soaps by the score. Today it is the fastest selling soap on the Continent.

It is a beauty soap made for ONE PURPOSE only, the fostering of lovely complexions. Remember this before risking any unproved soap on your face.

Then use this way every day

Wash your face gently with Palmolive Soap, massaging it softly into the skin. Rinse thoroughly, first with warm water, then with cold. If your skin is inclined to be dry, apply a touch of good cold cream—that is all.

Do this regularly, and particularly in the evening. Use powder and rouge if you wish. But never leave them on over night. They



Photo courtesy of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer  
NORMA SHEARER and OSCAR SHAW in the Metro-Goldwyn feature, UPSTAGE. Miss Shearer, whose complexion is the despair of many rivals, is here shown in her dressing-room set in the film. Her radiant skin is considered by many to be an exemplification of the famous "schoolgirl complexion."



clog the pores, often enlarge them. Blackheads and disfigurements often follow. They must be washed away. Follow these directions day in and day out. Your skin will be soft and lovely—naturally colorful and clear.

Do not use ordinary soaps in the treatment given above. Do not think any green soap, or one represented as of palm and olive oils, is the same as Palmolive.

Palmolive is a beauty soap made for one purpose only: to safeguard your complexion. 60 years of soap study stand behind it. Millions of pretty skins prove its effectiveness beyond all doubt.

Be sure you get the real Palmolive

It costs but 10c the cake!—so little that millions let it do for their bodies what it does for their faces. Obtain Palmolive today. Note what one week of its use brings you. The Palmolive-Peet Co., Chicago, Illinois.

Natural beauty is today's beauty rule... banished are the artificial make-ups of yesterday, unattractive and often bizarre. Today "soap and water" is the beauty urge, and Palmolive's luxuriant lather is a daily rule with thousands.

### Synopsis of Preceding Chapters.

CHAPTER XV. (Continued).

### The Flight

*Kill-joy sunburn.*  
conquered **INSTANTLY**

Outlined against the lurid glare was the dark figure of a man who seemed to be dancing in the flames."

"What was Sir George's manner doing whilst Legrand and the woman were so engaged?"

"He was standing in the doorway of that building I mentioned."

"But he had no part in the ceremony?"

"If you mean was he genuflecting and engaged in black mummery like Legrand, no. But he was not

His voice trailed away in silence and as it did so Honor thought she caught the roll of a distant drum. An instant later there came sounds about which there was no doubt at all—a whining noise above their heads, and following it closely the sharp crack of the rifle which had

Rahutu was beyond explaining away, and would set Manning outside the pale if ever it were known, and a desperate man might very well seek to complete what he had begun; and by a second shot clear the board of the one witness against him.

The sound that reached her gave the lie to the hope—a booming, roaring sound of fire that had already taken hold and was racing through the tall grass and thorn bushes. The wind seemed to be growing stronger; the mist was

(Continued on Page 18)

OTHINE

(Continued on Page 18)



# "What's a Picnic Without Rootbeer?"

*And it's home-made from Hires Household Extract*

**M**OTHER, daddy's throwin' ringers every time!" shouted little Sam Graham, cupping his hands to his mouth. "Man! he's goin' nifty!"

The horseshoe game was in full swing. Big Sam was pretty warm, but very happy. Five ringers out of seven throws—and every ringer meant a sparkling glass of rootbeer from Hires Household Extract.

Up in a cool and shady spot, Mrs. Graham was spreading a perfect picnic lunch on the red-fringed table cloth. Potato salad—hard-cooked eggs—coconut cake—rootbeer she

had made herself. A multitude of tasty, tempting things!

"What's a family picnic without rootbeer?" asked big Sam Graham, about to start his second glass.

His wife answered with a smile. "We'll always have rootbeer as long as I can get Hires Extract."



*A drink that makes the thermometer drop*

*Good old-fashioned rootbeer from  
Hires Household Extract*

**N**OTHING so refreshing these sultry days as a cool drink—and no drink so refreshing as good old-fashioned rootbeer made from Hires Household Extract.

And you can make it yourself—make it easily and inexpensively, right in your own home. It's such a delicious drink, so tangy, sparkling and refreshing that you'll be proud to say you made it yourself.

You will find that once your family have tasted this foamy, thirst-quenching beverage, they'll be asking for it again and again.

**Make this delicious beverage for less than 1c a glass**

*Keep a bottle always on ice*

Mighty convenient to have a bottle of home-made rootbeer on ice at all times. Ready for the men when they come home tired from a hard day's work. Ready for callers who happen to drop by and ready for the children, who keep clamoring for the wonderful rootbeer that mother made.

You can safely let the youngsters drink all

they want. They love it, and it's good for them—a pure, wholesome drink, containing no artificial elements. Nature supplies every ingredient used in preparing Hires Household Extract.

*The cost is negligible*

Home-made rootbeer is a drink that costs little and goes far. You can make

5 gallons—80 glasses—from one 30c package of Hires Household Extract—a cost of less than 1c a glass.

Get a package of Hires Household Extract at your dealer's. It will be one with many more to come. There were over 30 million gallons of rootbeer made from Hires Household Extract last year. Full directions in every package. The Charles E. Hires Company, 208 S. 24th Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

*Shall we send you a bottle of  
Hires Household Extract?*

In case your dealer does not carry Hires Household Extract, we will be glad to send you one bottle—enough to make 80 glasses of rootbeer—for 30c (35c in Canada).

Hires Household Extract has many other uses that will be new and welcome to you. Did you know, for instance, that it could be used in flavoring pies, puddings and icings for cakes? Valuable suggestions for summer menus are contained in our new recipe book. We will be glad to send you a copy—free

Here is a new and rapidly growing use for Hires Household Extract. Women everywhere are writing to tell us how good this famous extract is for flavoring puddings, cake icings, gelatines and other desserts. We would appreciate hearing how you like it used this way. We would be glad also to have you send us your favorite recipe.



There is an interesting radio program given every Thursday evening by The Charles E. Hires Company. Tune in on WJZ New York, WBZ Springfield, KDKA Pittsburgh, KYW Chicago, WBAL Baltimore, WJR Detroit, WHAS Louisville, WSM Nashville, WMC Memphis, WSB Atlanta, for a delightful radio half-hour.

**ROOTBEER CANDY KISSES:** Cook 3 cups brown sugar, ½ cup water, and pinch salt until it spins thread, when dropped from spoon. Add ½ tsp. rootbeer extract and pour over stiffly beaten white of an egg. Beat while pouring and until mixture is quite stiff. Drop by teaspoonsfuls onto waxed paper.



**ROOTBEER ICING:** Put 1 cup granulated sugar, 2 tablespoons water, and 1 egg white in the top of a double boiler and cook over hot water for six minutes, beating all the time. Remove from fire, and add ¼ teaspoonful rootbeer extract and beat until partially cool.



Hires Household Extract—for making delicious rootbeer at home, easily and inexpensively, and for use as a tasty flavoring in cooking. This is the familiar package seen in thousands of homes throughout the country. Always keep an extra package on your kitchen shelf.

The Charles E. Hires Company  
208 South 24th Street, Philadelphia  
Please send a bottle of Hires Household Extract and the new, free recipe book I enclose 30c (35c in Canada) to pay for the extract

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

## Hires Household Extract





# Worldly

(Continued from Page 14)

"Lies!" How strong she felt in that moment. "Your whole life is a lie if I am to judge by your attitude now. Have you taken my money for some purpose of your own?"

"It's gone," he said, in a whisper and lowered his head.

## Like healing balm on moist, warm bodies



This powder-lubricant

relieves prickly heat and prevents chafing

SOOTHING as balm on tender, moist skin—folds—refreshing as a shower on baby's overheated little body... Johnson's Baby and Toilet Powder protects his precious skin from irritation—helps him meet the summer with a smile!

Johnson's is really a cream in powder form. Covering all rubbing surfaces with a veil of soft protection, Johnson's lubricates the skin—saves friction—does away with chafing causes.

Baby's longest, hottest days—his most restless summer nights—are comforted and soothed. Prickly heat is relieved when Johnson's is dusted on. And soon baby looks cool enough to make us grown-ups envious. Is cool—and daintily comfortable.

Cream-like—yet the daintiest of powders—Johnson's has for its base the finest talc in all the world—mined high in the

Alps of Italy. Its tiny particles are soft and flaky—light as fluffs of thistle-down! And to this talc—purified and refined to still greater airiness of texture in the Johnson & Johnson laboratories—is added a bit of boracic compound and the most delicate of scents. The result is a powder as soft as fairy whispers—a powder that caresses as it soothes and gently heels!

Small wonder that this magic powder is used in hospitals, clinics, model nurseries—everywhere! Is demanded by mothers who, knowing its blessed cream-like qualities, will accept no substitute. Small wonder that this convenient square can get tucked into outing and vacation luggage—goes, indeed, wherever baby goes!

Johnson's Johnson's



Make this simple hand test

Run your palm over your baby's skin and notice how the skin feels—smooth and moist. Repeat the test on your own skin. Johnson's Baby and Toilet Powder. There is no friction, no chafing causes.

YOUR DRUGGIST IS MORE THAN A MERCHANT

## "HERE'S WHAT I USE"

"I consider Ingram's Milkweed Cream a valuable beauty accessory. It has earned a permanent place on my make-up table."

Signed: HELEN FORD  
Star of "Prize Ans"  
VanCleave's Theatre



INGRAM'S Milkweed CREAM cleans—is a powder base—and helps remove skin imperfections.

Complete in itself. An "all-purpose" cream. Buy a jar today. At your drug store. Theoretical size \$1.75. Also \$1.00 and 50c sizes.

his knees and clutching at her skirt. He whined, he pleaded. The money was gone; it had paid his debts and saved him from the wrath of Tulloch who would have had no mercy if he had known that a servant had pocketed the fund.

He begged her to give him another chance, to stay in the house with him and Sabina until he could recover his financial position; then he would repay every cent.

She did not make reply for a long while. The blow was severe; she was half-dazed by the knowledge that less than fifty pounds stood between her and poverty. Then,

"Stay in this house," she echoed. "I'd rather tramp the streets and ask strangers to give me shelter. I couldn't stay here a minute longer than may be necessary to collect my belongings. I'll go to-night."

He appealed desperately. "Where, Melita? Don't do anything rash. Just let me think the matter over. Perhaps tomorrow I shall have evolved a solution. God, you don't know what I've been through lately!"

"Nor do you know what you will have to go through in the future," she replied. "Men like you are punished, else there is no just God."

"I ought to have told you in the beginning..."

"I didn't have to tell me," said Melita, speaking slowly and deliberately as though each word were a knife which she was seeking to sink into his mind. "You thought I was a trustful, innocent girl who could be defrauded with ease. I was. I have learned so much since I came here."

She walked to the door. "Where are you going?" he called in that frightened whisper. She turned and smiled bitterly.

"Oh, I'll leave it to you to acquaint your wife with what has happened," she said. "Perhaps, you'll think of a better life than I could conjure up."

She went to her room; there, she packed her portmanteau, carefully counted the money that remained to her and placed it in her charge. There was nearly thirty pounds in notes; she had kept that amount back from Sabina when she drew the whole of her little fortune from the bank. Sabina was not to be seen when she went to the stairs and out of the house in search of a cab that might take her to the station. She had no clear plan in her mind; all that she desired in that hour was to get away from the hatefulness of the Palsall atmosphere—its sneering, hypocritical, pain-singing Palsall and his soulless wife. There had been a time when she was physically afraid of the tall, angular Sabina, out this night, however, she felt calm and bitterness that she felt capable of combating a thousand such as she.

The cab was hired; she returned to the house and with the assistance of the driver carried out her luggage. She left without saying goodbye; she could hear them talking in the dining-room, and suspicion crept into her mind that Sabina was also going. She was in the matter of the fraud that had been practiced. Relatives! Melita at her lip as she went down the taxi driver down the path into the cab. Relatives! Blood ties? What did they amount to? But she felt the sympathy of other strangers when trouble came. For relatives misunderstood the significance of these very blood ties; they took it for granted that she conferred upon them the right to judge.

Victoria! The taxi-driver drove up to the station and lifted down her portmanteau. She hadn't the faint idea where she wanted to go. If he had set her down on the edge of a desert and left her she couldn't have felt less lonely.

That which followed happened so quickly that her brain failed to assimilate it all until the dramatic denouement twenty minutes later. From out of the press of people hurrying into the station came a well-dressed man whose face seemed familiar. He raised his hat as he came to her side.

"Can I be of assistance?" he asked. "I think I saw you in Mr. Tulloch's office the other day when I called on your mother."

She trembled at the very mention of the name, but quickly recovered her composure. She remembered now. This gentleman was waiting in the hall when she called on the first day of her arrival in London and courteously had placed his chair at her disposal.

She told him, faithfully, that she really didn't know where she wished to go, but somehow the name of Murchison came to her lips. The stranger's face grew overwhelmed her and dissipated any natural fears that might have started in her mind. He knew Murchison, he said, but feared he would have returned to his home unless he had called at his club. He spoke easily and persuasively, and within three minutes she was in a taxicab with him and they were speeding along Buckingham Palace road.

He was more than affable, this gentleman; he was so courteous that much of the bitterness engendered by Palsall's defection left her. He questioned her with the shrewdness of a lawyer and the courtesy of a debtor; he eyed her with the calculating eye of a

criminal. Before they reached the foot of Regent-street she had told him of her broken life, of how she had caught a glimpse of the notes in her bag. His advice was tendered with all the solicitude of a parent for a daughter; he should go to a hotel which he named; he would take it on himself to telephone to Mr. Murchison and acquaint him with her plight; then, on the morrow she could arrange to meet him at the office if she preferred it.

"Not the office," she said, assuaged by a new rush of fear. "Are you a friend of Mr. Tulloch?"

He laughed at the suggestion. "Hardly," he replied. "That day when I met you there I was going to interview him about a matter of serious import; there is a limit to one's patience in business. But let that pass."

The taxi was stopped. He got out, saying he would direct the driver to take her to the hotel he had named. He wished her the best of luck in the world, raised his hat politely and was gone.

And even as the taxicab moved on she opened her charge. The notes were missing!

Not a penny remained to her! The discovery of her plight affected her in a curious way. She didn't cry and call to the driver as though she realized that she had been robbed. But her heart ached under a pain that had its inception in disillusionment. Her lips tightened; the pain was followed by a rush of bitterness against everybody. To her mind, in that instant, all the chivalrous instincts of the race had died; she felt foolish to have encouraged her faith in mankind so long. The world was conscienceless; women had to fight with all the armour of men else they would be victimized.

She tapped at the window of the taxi and ordered the man to stop. He drew up to the pavement and leaned over as she alighted. He pushed her portmanteau off his doorstep.

"Five shillings," he said, curtly. She handed her little charge and tried to look brave but there was something terribly forbidding in his secretive face. He seemed to be one what was coming next.

"I've been robbed," she said, at last. "That man who got into the cab with me must have taken all I possessed."

The driver wiped his thick lips with the back of his hand. "Cut it, Flossie," he said, brutally. "Don't come at me. I'm too old a bird. Five bob, and he might be quick."

"I assure you that I'm speaking the truth," there was the semblance of a break in her voice, for he was a big, burly fellow and there was a threat in every line of his face. "I had about 50 pounds in my bag. It's gone."

He tumbled from the driving seat and stood beside her on the pavement.

"What are you givin' me?" he growled. "I know your name, and I had too many of you there—in Fleet Street. Come on, and let me see your kind of thing you can fleece everybody. That man took your money out of your bag, didn't he? It's a new game."

The tears had begun to fall, down her cheeks. He had seen her for them.

"I want me to call a copper!" he asked. "I can't stand here all night. Get a wife and two kids to keep her. Took it from her bag! Well, if he did, he was clever. Your sort generally take it out of his pocket when he's right. Now, Flossie, shake your head if you don't want to run your vine to Vine Street police station."

Three girls were coming down Regent Street, pushing their way past pedestrians as though intent on provoking a protest. All three were laughing, rather coarsely; they had linked arms and their whole attitude was one of challenge.

"Some of your pals," said the driver to Melita. "Ask them for it; they'll soon earn some more. Come on, let me see the clock's ticking. I'll be six bob in a minute."

She moistened her dry lips and turned to speak to the girls, but she found that pathetic break in her voice.

"I'm telling you the truth," she said. "He has taken all I had in my bag. Can I pay it in some other way?"

He roared with callous laughter. "I thought you was that sort," he said. "You're a good one, aren't you?"

She had pulled off her left glove; the light of the street lamp fell on the single-stone diamond ring that Geoffrey had given her that wonderful evening when their troth was plighted. When they twisted it from her finger and the driver suddenly dropped his malicious attitude; his eyes lit up with expectancy.

The three girls had almost reached them now. Melita didn't turn her head lest she should attract their attention; she feared their scorn more than the driver's.

"You may try my ring in payment," she said, biting her lips to keep back the sob that was choking her.

One of the trio of girls broke from her companions and came to Melita's side.

"What's the funny story?" she asked, glancing quickly from Melita to the driver.

"You mind your own business," said he. "Oh, it's—"

"Or it's yours!" she retorted. Then to Melita: "What's the story, he's lying? Is he trying to rook you?"

Melita turned to look full into the girl's face. She saw youth looking back at her—youth with the eyes of experience. It was a pretty, attractive face in spite of its artificial coloring; the eyes were abnormally large and glittered with the dust that many women use in defiance of warnings against its dangerous nature.

The mouth was as red as a mountain berry in late Autumn and the corners were tilted slightly so as to give her a perpetual smile, even when she was in a tantrum—towards which she was working herself now as she looked at Melita.

"You're from the country," she said. "I guessed that the moment I spotted him chivvying you. Can't you pay your fare?"

In two or three disjointed phrases Melita told her of what had happened.

"What's the listening girl exclaimed. 'You were going to give that piece of wreckage your engagement ring to pay his fare? I do NOT think.' She wheeled upon the driver. 'And you dare have taken it, Christopher?'

"Name ain't Christopher," he retorted. "I'll look as good as any other police charge sheet," said the girl. She turned to her companions. "Here, Lizzie, Agnes! What do you think of this? She's raced through the circumstances."

Then, to Melita's astonishment, the little virago thrust a florin at the driver and commanded him to "slide," and he quirk about it, or, she said, "she'd have him in before the bank before he could get to wipe his nose." He did. The four girls standing on the pavement drew him in, and within a few minutes all the way down Regent St. "Like a bad-tempered husband and a bad-tempered wife," said the virago. Then she stared critically at Melita.

"Now, what sort of a tree did you grow on?" she asked. "Have you come up to London to go into the movies or did you come with the curate and the rest of the Sunday School? Gawd, Lizzie, ain't she a picture?"

They got her story out of her; they didn't seek more than that knowledge that she was alone and terribly, dangerously innocent.

"My name's Cassie," said the virago; "only when I'm feeling up-stroke, I call myself Cassandra. This is Lizzie with the auburn locks and Agnes, here, is a straight little sport who hasn't a worse vice than biting a duke's ear when she has the chance. You can stand on 'em both. And as for me—"

"Cassie," said the girl Agnes, "is just Cassie, and who's told you known her an hour you'll wish you'd met her on the way back from your christening. . . . Now, what's the programme?"

"Take the kid home with us," said Cassie, looking at Melita for acquiescence. "She's got nowhere to go. I'll make her one of the company."

"And it's a hell of a company," said Lizzie, adding, "If you mean it."

A re-chained policeman snatched down the street to where they were standing, eyed them suspiciously, was doubtful that they belonged to the class he had to harry and arched an eyebrow inquiringly.

"Hallo, Rufus," Cassandra chirped. "You might have had a word with us, but you've been out in the dark." Then to Melita: "Spill your story about the croak who snatched your doings. Like as not old headlight here will hunt him with bloodhounds."

"No, no," said Melita. "Perhaps the poor man has a wife and children."

Cassandra laughed loudly. "I'll be six bob in a minute," said she. "All right, let 'em go."

To the policeman: "Sorry, Sheriff! Nothing doing today. Then she smiled a passing radiance. "You'll come home with us," she said to Melita. "We can talk things over there."

The cab driver came to the edge of the pavement, leaned over, and eyed them impudently.

"Where to?" he asked and there was a leer on his face. "The Ritz Hotel?"

Cassandra drew herself up haughtily. "How Street police station," she said. "Vine Street's busy. If the roads up—your web-footed chums—take us to Barton's Mansions, Bloomsbury, being a learner, you'll better drive slowly and I'll sit back and watch the clock."

"I knew you was a lady the minute I set eyes on you," said the driver and politely stepped down from his throne to open the door for them.

"Well," said Cassandra, as she pressed Melita's hand, "life is just like that. All houses! I feel like a rubber ball."

They arrived at Barton's Mansions. Cassandra looked carefully at the taximeter and gave the driver the exact fare, plus three-pence. "If you know who you've been driving, old spark plug," she said, "you'd be ashamed to take the money."

Melita had yielded herself up by this time; instinct told her that she was safe in the hands of these three girls. Perhaps they were a trifle coarse, but when she compared them with the Palsalls and the Tullochs of the world, a halo descended on their heads. It didn't occur to her to inquire the nature of their profession; she accepted them as good Samaritans who had stepped out of their way to go to her world when the rest of the world turned its back.

(To Be Continued Next Sunday.)

By Edna St. Vincent

By Edna St. Vincent

By Edna St. Vincent

By Edna St. Vincent

By Edna St. Vincent

By Edna St. Vincent

By Edna St. Vincent

By Edna St. Vincent

By Edna St. Vincent

By Edna St. Vincent

By Edna St. Vincent

By Edna St. Vincent

By Edna St. Vincent

By Edna St. Vincent

By Edna St. Vincent

By Edna St. Vincent

By Edna St. Vincent

pressed Melita's hand, "life is just like that. All houses! I feel like a rubber ball."

They arrived at Barton's Mansions. Cassandra looked carefully at the taximeter and gave the driver the exact fare, plus three-pence. "If you know who you've been driving, old spark plug," she said, "you'd be ashamed to take the money."

Melita had yielded herself up by this time; instinct told her that she was safe in the hands of these three girls. Perhaps they were a trifle coarse, but when she compared them with the Palsalls and the Tullochs of the world, a halo descended on their heads. It didn't occur to her to inquire the nature of their profession; she accepted them as good Samaritans who had stepped out of their way to go to her world when the rest of the world turned its back.

(To Be Continued Next Sunday.)

By Edna St. Vincent

By Edna St. Vincent

By Edna St. Vincent

By Edna St. Vincent

By Edna St. Vincent

By Edna St. Vincent

By Edna St. Vincent

By Edna St. Vincent

By Edna St. Vincent

By Edna St. Vincent

By Edna St. Vincent

By Edna St. Vincent

By Edna St. Vincent

By Edna St. Vincent

By Edna St. Vincent

By Edna St. Vincent

By Edna St. Vincent

By Edna St. Vincent

By Edna St. Vincent

By Edna St. Vincent

By Edna St. Vincent

By Edna St. Vincent

## Society never winks at THIS weakness

What qualities must a woman have to be a social success—beauty, grace, culture, wit? Society appreciates these but it has never yet closed its doors to the woman who lacks them.

The seeker after social popularity may be utterly without distinction in a dozen ways—in features, family, personality—she may even lack discretion. Yet social success may be hers!

But there is one thing that puts her under a tremendous social handicap—

One thing that hopelessly prevents a woman from living up to a man's ideal of her—lack of perfect personal cleanliness!

It is hardly an exaggeration to say that perspiration and odor must have kept more women from a coveted social position than by any other one thing. Yet how many women fail to see when they fail short!

If girls and women—yes, and men, too—could only understand that soap and water are not enough! Special measures are necessary to keep the underarms always dry and odorless.

The one perfect precaution now regularly used by millions is the underarm toilete—Odorono!

Odorono is a corrective of both perspiration and moisture. It was formulated by a physician and has been used for years in hospitals by physicians and nurses who understand its scientific action.

A clear, clean liquid, Odorono is as delightful to use as the daintiest toilet water. You need apply it only twice a week to enjoy absolute assurance of perfect underarm cleanliness. Never a trace of odor or moisture, never a stained garment!

Such a little thing and yet it means so much! Adopt the underarm toilete now; have the ease of mind its regular use means. Get a bottle of Odorono at any toilet counter; 35c, 50c and \$1. Or send coupon and 3c for generous sample.

Write to: RUTH MILLER, The Odorono Company, 166 Blair Ave., Cincinnati, Ohio.

Ruth Miller, 166 Blair Avenue, Cincinnati, Ohio. Please send me sample of Odorono and booklet, for which I enclose 3c.

Name \_\_\_\_\_ Address \_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_

## REALLY pure Soap makes real LATHER

PURE soap is all soap just as pure gold is all gold. When you buy slow-lathering soap, it's just cakes with little actual soap in them. The "hard milled" oval cake of Sweetheart gives you all the pure, lathery soap that heavy pressure can force into it. Daintily scented.

Low-priced too—at your grocer's

# SWEETHEART TOILET SOAP

At your Grocer's it lathers

# Frosty Summer Drinks for Thirsty Throats

By Mrs. Christine Frederick,  
The Distinguished Authority on Household Efficiency.

WHEN the mercury begins to mount and days seem one long attempt to find relief from heating sun, then "something cool to drink" is the constant cry of folk in town and family at home. It is now that the housewife thinks of putting her respect in cold storage and replacing it by the beverage jug or pitcher where tinkling ice and floating fruit are the order of the day. Not how hot, but how cold can she brew the tea, the coffee, the cocoa and other frosty drinks for thirsty throats.

Food tea is an accompaniment of many summer meals, and yet how rare a thing to be served good food tea or food coffee. Tea weak, too strong, the flavor somehow not just right. Now, since such a form of tea is as important to the success of the hot weather menu as the cheering cup of tea is in colder months, why not take a few tips on tea making?

First, the right tea must be used, and this is never black or dark tea because they become muddy when they stand, as all cold teas must. Select a light, fragrant tea like Oolong or Ceylon or Russian tea. Make the infusion fresh, never trust to the cold leftovers of the tea pot to make flavorful tea. As usual, have the water boiling, and pour it over the leaves and let it steep from 5 to 10 minutes. Pour off the infusion, let it cool a little, and then pour into the glass and over the crushed ice. Not too much ice, either, or the water will dilute the tea, but it will be tasteless and flat. Some of the sugar should be added to the hot tea infusion for flavor, leaving a little sprinkle of powdered sugar to the last.

And food tea can stand more contrasting flavors than hot tea. That is why there is the invaluable ring of lemon on the edge of the glass, or why minced candied ginger, a whole clove, a few candied cherries, or a spoon of rich preserve can be added to the frosty tea. Mint leaves, also, give a touch of color, and an odd flavor, if you like it. A spoon of rich pineapple syrup or orange syrup of berries will also give variety. But the chief point is to have the tea infusion fresh, to let it steep long enough, to use very little ice, and not let the pitcher stand two stand hours in advance.

Food coffee is far more refreshing than hot coffee when the weather is warm, and in many cases seems more refreshing than Summer milk. Here again, do use any leftover coffee. Make a fresh and stronger than usual infusion, but pour it off the grounds as soon as sufficient strength is gained. A warning about too much ice builds good here in serving any chilled beverage.

Too much ice means too much melting water and thus a loss of flavor and a weak beverage. If the coffee is made about two hours before it is to be served, the cold drink it will have so chilled that just pouring it over a little cracked or shaved ice will suffice to give it the pleasant degree of refresh-

ing coolness which we demand in the Summer drink. Coffee, too, may be partly sweetened while hot, and the remaining sweetness added in powdered sugar after service. The chocolate beverage gives the final perfect touch to any tall glass of chilled coffee. If a drop or two of vanilla is added to the cream, it gives a slight variation from the usual light cream taste, that is most agreeable with coffee.

Someone has discovered that chocolate is a favorite national flavor, whether in confectionery, cooking, cakes, or beverage. To make Summer drinks, chocolate is best to prepare a quantity of chocolate syrup and keep a supply on hand in a glass jar in the refrigerator. Such a syrup makes a very "creamy drink" than the quickly prepared use of cocoa or chocolate. Such syrup is easily made by this method. Grade 2

squares of sweetened cooking chocolate. Add with 1 cup of sugar to 1 cup of boiling water and carefully boil for 5 minutes. When cooled, add 1 teaspoon of vanilla. To make 2 tablespoons of this syrup with milk, egg, or other refrigerator "chaser."

Before serving any chocolate drink, be sure to heat it thoroughly, even with the egg beater or a mechanical mixer, because chocolate is even invariably falls to the bottom in a sediment. Indeed, the most delicious cocoa, whether hot or cold, is best well "ten for several minutes until the mixture is creamy and uniform. If a small quantity of whipped cream is beaten into straight cream, it is added to the top, the texture and taste is more pleasing. It should always be remembered that any drink that is to be

served cold should be much sweeter when made than if it were to be served hot.

Milk drinks may be indeed regarded as drink meals, and used instead of more solid food when the mercury ascends. A milk shake to which a whole beaten egg is added, or a chocolate peppermint flavored glass of milk is a sufficient lunch on a hot noon. Such drinks may also be given the children who will be much better than the sugary drinks of this sort than if they are provided heavier solid food. The addition of an egg or a core of ice cream to any milk drink is a guarantee of as much food value as there is in a plate of hot cereal, soup, or even meat. If such drinks are cleverly called "meals" by mother, and if they are colored with fruit juice and served with straw, even the most "finicky"

appetite of Susie or John will not refuse them.

There is a serviceable siphon for home use which enables the family to make sodas and other charged drinks at home. This bottle has a two-quarter capacity. It is fitted with a cartridge of carbonic acid gas. By turning the handle this gas is released into the bottle, and the beverage is charged. As it flows out through the siphon faucet the beverage has all the attractive bubbly appearance of drinks served at the usual fountain. These who find plain milk drinks heavy, or perhaps insipid, will be surprised at the difference if they use such a siphon and "charge" milk drinks. Sour milk, too, is far more delicious if thus aerated with carbonic acid gas. This siphon is convenient to take along on the Summer picnic and it

costs but a few cents to buy replacement cartridges to continue the charging.

No artificial fruit juice can compete with natural fruit juice as the basis of refreshing hot weather drinks. For this reason, fruit that we get the most plentiful supply of acids and salts to cleanse the blood and keep it cool. Of course, lemon, and its relative lime, are the largest citrus content. In practical words this means that they are the most refreshing of all fruit drinks. But oranges are almost equally cooling, although, of course, orange juice contains a very large percentage of natural sugar.

In the family where fruit drinks are used often, it would pay to invest in one of the convenient mechanical siphons, such as used on the drugstore counter. There are also at least two types of squeezer

or reamer, as they are called, which clamp to the edge of the table and which are operated by a small crank. This method is much preferable to the tireless finger-way of squeezing a lemon. One of these reamers has an attachment for securing the juice from grapefruit, while others have a "cone" for extracting lemon juice, and a large size "cone" for extracting orange juice.

Summer berries furnish their tonic zest to many drinks for the afternoon porch party or other entertainment. Perhaps currants, both black and red, and blackberries are the most useful in this connection. Any of these berries may be picked over, slightly sugared, sprinkled with lemon juice, and crushed. A fine sieve should keep back the seeds. The pulp and juice may then be bottled up to make it keep.

# Wealth and Romantic Adventures Brought Her Only Misery

(Continued from Double Page)

Paris Music Hall in Lemaire's new spectacular revue "Moulin Rouge." I had attained my ambition. I was a full-fledged actress at last. I soon fell into the easy run of theatre life and although I found it very hard work it had its compensations.

I soon discovered, however, that to live in the atmosphere of a Paris theatre is to be an object of derision. It is said that immorality is rife in the British theatrical profession, but whether this is so or not I am not particularly qualified to say. My present husband is an actor, and he assures me that the English theatrical profession is much maligned and is the least questionable of the stage circles of the world.

In a Paris theatre modesty is unknown. True, I shared a small dressing-room with only one other girl, but up in the choral "dormitories" some of the fun was fast and furious—more so than in any other first class "chick" and life. Society women, second-hand actresses when they have so many clothes, cars and jewels that another means nothing and when they have loved as long as they love become a drink mockery. Drugs are a temporary substitute for suicide and a poor one.

I became immersed in theatrical life and surrounded by theatrical friends who persuaded me to leave the hotel for a rather flimsy apartment. I soon discovered that they had an ulterior motive in getting me to leave the comfort of my hotel. When I was alone I was free to go to the theatre parties in my suite without arousing undue comment. It was quite an mode to treat champagne parties at my apartment in the Rue Forest, in Montmartre. Every one at the theatre knew that I was not dependent on my salary for my bread and butter, and finding that I had plenty

of money, I was quite willing to spend it. I soon found myself much courted and fêted by the rest of the artists.

One evening a certain very powerful magnate of the Paris theatre knocked at my dressing-room door and begged admittance. The purpose of his visit was to invite me to a supper party he was giving at his luxurious bachelor's establishment in Passy. After suitable

hesitation I agreed to go. As I had expected, I was met by a sumptuous affair staged regardless of expense. Some what to my surprise, I found half of the chorus of the Casino de Paris had been invited and a corresponding number of men.

The most of the evening, however, was a man who tried to remain incognito, but when I recognized to be a certain Eastern millionaire on a visit to Paris in fact, none other than the Sultan of Morocco. The supper was epicurean, the wines of the best, and the gaiety of the wittiest, from the French point of view.

As we were finishing dinner our host had a surprise in store for me. It was a small statue. The statue was beautifully modeled. The statue was formally presented to me, and to my astonishment, I found it to be of solid gold, a gift from the exalted personage with whom I was paired for the supper. After the supper the fun became very fast and furious. My Arab Prince shared with the rest both of the emotion, with the exception that he became fast and then furious—furious when I intimated that I was entitled to no such respect as his own workman in his own country!

Amazed that any woman should rebel to kissing me, he had for my advances he began to lay all the "world and all the cities in it"—or rather the whole contents of his treasury. Kissing him lightly on the top of his head, I roughly smacked his face, and with a flash of diamond studded heels passed into less dangerous company.

I am told by many actresses that they measure their success by the number of proposals of marriage they receive. If this is so then I have achieved a great quantity, for if I have received one proposal of marriage I have had to reject the avowals of lifelong devotion of fifty would-be husbands, since I was my stage name I was a single girl. I like to think the first proposal I received after I went on the Paris stage because I think that the poor boy really did love me.

We first met at the Longchamps, romantically enough, for he retrieved for me a thousand franc note which had been blown out of my hand. For days afterward he visited the show every night and begged me with invitations to supper. One night, on returning to my flat early after spending the night in Montmartre, I found him sitting disconsolate on my doorstep.

He looked so very unhappy that I asked him in to have petit déjeuner. After rolls and coffee the floodgates of his love were opened and fondly he begged me to marry him. When I refused to consider his proposal, for the very good reason that I already had a husband, although separated from him, he went into a paroxysm of despair and finally, producing a revolver from his pocket, said he would shoot himself. I took the terrible force of his mania to prevent the weapon from him and finally got him to leave the apartment.

Three weeks later he thrice himself off the first tier of the Eiffel Tower, although this tragedy cannot be hid at my door, as the real reason for his suicide was colossal losses on the turf.

One evening an American actually tried to kidnap me. He had for over a week been pestering me with his attentions. One night as I got into my car I suddenly felt myself jerked back on the cushions and the vehicle moved off at a fast rate. When I had recovered from my astonishment I found the wealthy American by my side. He

then produced first-class tickets to London and coolly intimated that we were traveling that night and that we should be married in London. At the Gare du Nord I had to evade quite a scene to get away from him. Soon afterward he saw another girl in the show he liked better, and it was my great pleasure to act as matchmaker and see them safely off to New York a few weeks later.

One would-be lover and member of the audience one evening threatened me a fair-sized ball of colored paper which I discovered to be a large number of ten franc notes rolled together, hiding in their mist a stinging card asking me to supper. This bold Don Juan neither got his supper nor his money, but for I gave it to one of the stage hands whose wife was laid up with pneumonia.

Many and curious are the venturesome proposals I received from admirers while I was at the Casino de Paris. There was the South American multi-millionaire who asked me to accept a job as his wife's maid so that we could always be near each other. Then there was the young English peer still at an English university, who even went to the extent of offering me his coronet. When I told him I was married he suggested that we should live together!

Perhaps the most famous remark of a rejected suitor was, "Well, no chance, if we cannot marry, let us die together." Since I hated the sight of the man, the suggestion of a combined suicide was a little too funny. Shortly afterward he married a very charming but rather pale beauty from a third-rate music hall in the Latin Quarter.

I have already said that my luxurious Montmartre apartment was the scene of extraordinary bacchanalian entertainments. Every night almost taxis and cars full of hilarious chorus girls and their men would arrive at my flat to drink my champagne, dance to my gramophone and make love on

my divans until the gray light of dawn.

Indeed it all as part of the game, however, and thoroughly enjoyed it. I had to put my foot down on one or two occasions, however, when my theatrical friends kicked too far over the traces. They were welcome to my wine, I liked them to dance to my gramophone, and they could make love for all they were worth and I did not care a rap. But when they tried to stage a scene of pure debauchery and when they were indecorous I had to warn them that if they really wanted to behave after the manner of the Furies of Hades, and as unutilized savages, they must do it elsewhere.

One night some of my drug-saturated, diotic friends kidnapped an innocent little Salvation Army lass, dragged her to my flat and forced her to watch their celebrations. One look at that child's face as those friends danced before her and I say ruf. First rescuing the child and sending her away with a 100-franc note in her hand, I turned on my guests and told them just what I thought of them. Every word was true but it was not until they had gone that I realized that I had thrown at them almost every insult there is in the dictionary.

A drug fiend is a fiend indeed and like fiends they turned on me when they were drunk. "Virtuous," "prude," "hypocrite," they spat at me, the meanest epithets they knew. Work in that theatre became impossible for me and I soon withdrew. My will, free world had repudiated me—there was I to go! To fall lower it would be necessary to drop to the Apaches. The only other way seemed to be to retrace my steps—backward and upward.

But was it too late? Could I, after all this freedom, endure the prison wall of respectability which I had hated even in my girlish innocence?

Next week I will tell how I worked out my salvation.

(To Be Concluded Next Sunday.)



Below: MURIEL HINDLEY looks the picture of a "Babe in arms" and a "Pepodent" user. Below: MARGARET QUMBY, Lela Todd and Ann Grey, pictured here at Universal City, California.

# Those Smiles You Envy

Come Now by Freeing Teeth of Dingy Film  
Remove Daily—This New Way Dentists Urge

MANY of the commoner tooth and gum troubles, and most cases of so-called "off-color" teeth, are due to a film that forms on teeth which ordinary brushing does not successfully combat.

Run your tongue across your teeth and you will feel this film—a slippery sort of coating. Film absorbs discolorations and thus makes teeth look dull and dingy. It breeds germs and bacteria and invites tartar, decay and pyorrhea. It is a menace to tooth and gum health that must be combated.

These dental authorities now seriously urge that film be removed at least twice every day

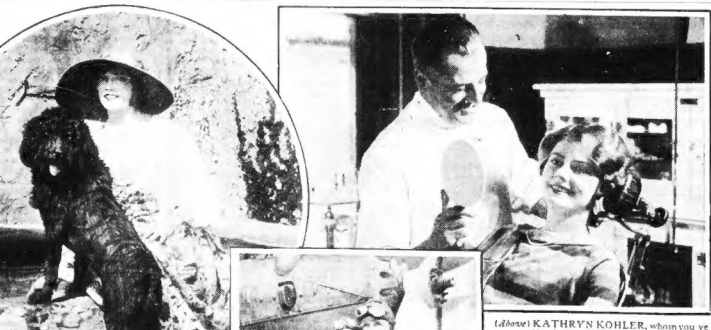
Send for  
10-day  
Free Tube

To do so, obtain Pepodent—a special, film-removing dentifrice most dentists favor. It cures the film, then removes the film, leaving the teeth to high luster in gentle safety to enamel. It combats the acids of decay. It acts, too, to firm and harden the gums.

Old-time dentifrices did not adequately fight film. That is why this modern protective way, a "twice a day" habit, and at least twice a year calls on your dentist, are being so widely advised.

Accept this test

Send the coupon for a 10-day tube. Brush teeth this way for 10 days. Note how thoroughly film is removed. The teeth lighten as film coats go.



Below: GILDA GRAY looks the "Wolf" in the Southern California sunshine. Below: MARGARET QUMBY, Lela Todd and Ann Grey, pictured here at Universal City, California.

SMILES ARE DAZZLING WHITE when film is gone. Teeth sparkle like polished jewels. Gums firm to healthy tone. Mouth has a clean, scientific way of dental care becomes one of the greatest beauty treatments of the day, and with its unique therapeutic and prophylactic qualities, a great aid in oral hygiene.

PEPSODENT  
The Quality Dentifrice—Removes Film from Teeth

Below: EN ROUTE TO CLOUDLAND are Maurice Margulies and Rex Cherryman. The former, smile, kept radiant by Pepodent, an irresistibly charming, say those who have seen her play the leading role in the Chicago cast of "The Noose"

FREE  
10-DAY TUBE

Mail coupon to  
The Pepodent Co.,  
Dept. 1212, 1104 S. Wabash Ave.,  
Chicago, Ill., U. S. A.

Name .....

Address .....

City .....

Only one tube to a family









# How to Give Your Hair Extreme Loveliness—and make the modern Styles of Hair Dress most attractive

*How to Bring Out All the Natural Life, Wave and Lustre.  
How to obtain that Wonderful Gloss and Silky Sheen which  
makes Your Hair so much admired.*

**T**HE simplicity of the bob, and the modern styles of hair dress, make beautiful hair a necessity.

The simple, modern styles of today are effective ONLY when the hair itself is beautiful.

Luckily, beautiful hair is now easily obtained. It is simply a matter of shampooing.

Ordinary, old time methods, however, will not do. To bring out the REAL BEAUTY, the hair must be shampooed properly.

Proper shampooing makes it soft and silky. It brings out all the real life and lustre, all the natural wave and color and leaves it fresh-looking, glossy and bright.

When your hair is dry, dull and heavy, lifeless, stiff and gummy, and it feels harsh and disagreeable to the touch, it is because your hair has not been shampooed

properly. While your hair must have frequent and regular washing to keep it beautiful, it cannot stand the harsh effect of ordinary soaps. The free alkali in ordinary soaps soon dries the scalp, makes the hair brittle, and ruins it.

That is why thousands of women, everywhere, now use Mulsified coconut oil shampoo. This clear, pure and entirely greaseless product brings out all the real beauty of the hair and cannot possibly injure. It does not dry the scalp or make the hair brittle, no matter how often you use it.

If you want to see how really beautiful you can make your hair look, just follow this simple method.

## A Simple, Easy Method

**F**IRST, wet the hair and scalp in clear, warm water. Then apply a little Mulsified coconut oil shampoo, rubbing it in thoroughly all over the scalp, and all through the hair.

Two or three teaspoonfuls will make an abundance of rich, creamy lather. This should be rubbed in thoroughly and briskly with the finger tips, so as to loosen the small particles of dust and dirt that stick to the scalp.

After rubbing in the rich, creamy Mulsified lather, give the hair a good rinsing. Then use another application of Mulsified, again working

up a lather and rubbing it in briskly as before. After the final washing, rinse the hair and scalp in at least two changes of clear, fresh, warm water. This is very important.

## Just Notice the Difference

**Y**OU will notice the difference in the hair even before it is dry, for it will be delightfully soft and silky. Even while wet it will feel loose, fluffy and light to the touch and be so clean it will fairly squeak when you pull it through your fingers.

If you want to always be remembered for your beautiful, well-kept hair, make it a rule to set a certain day each week for a Mulsified coconut oil shampoo. This regular weekly shampooing will keep the scalp soft and the hair fine and silky, bright, glossy, fresh-looking, and easy to manage—and it will be noticed and admired by everyone.

You can get Mulsified coconut oil shampoo at any drug store or toilet goods counter, anywhere in the world. A 4-ounce bottle should last for months.



# MULSIFIED COCOANUT OIL SHAMPOO

**Mail this Coupon and Try it FREE**

27-M-68

THE R. L. WATKINS COMPANY  
1276 West 3rd Street, Cleveland, Ohio

Please send me a generous supply of "Mulsified" FREE, all charges paid. Also your booklet entitled "Why Proper Shampooing is BEAUTY INSURANCE."

Name.....

Address.....

City or Town..... State.....